THE TWO GIANTS.

BY JOHN HARRIS.

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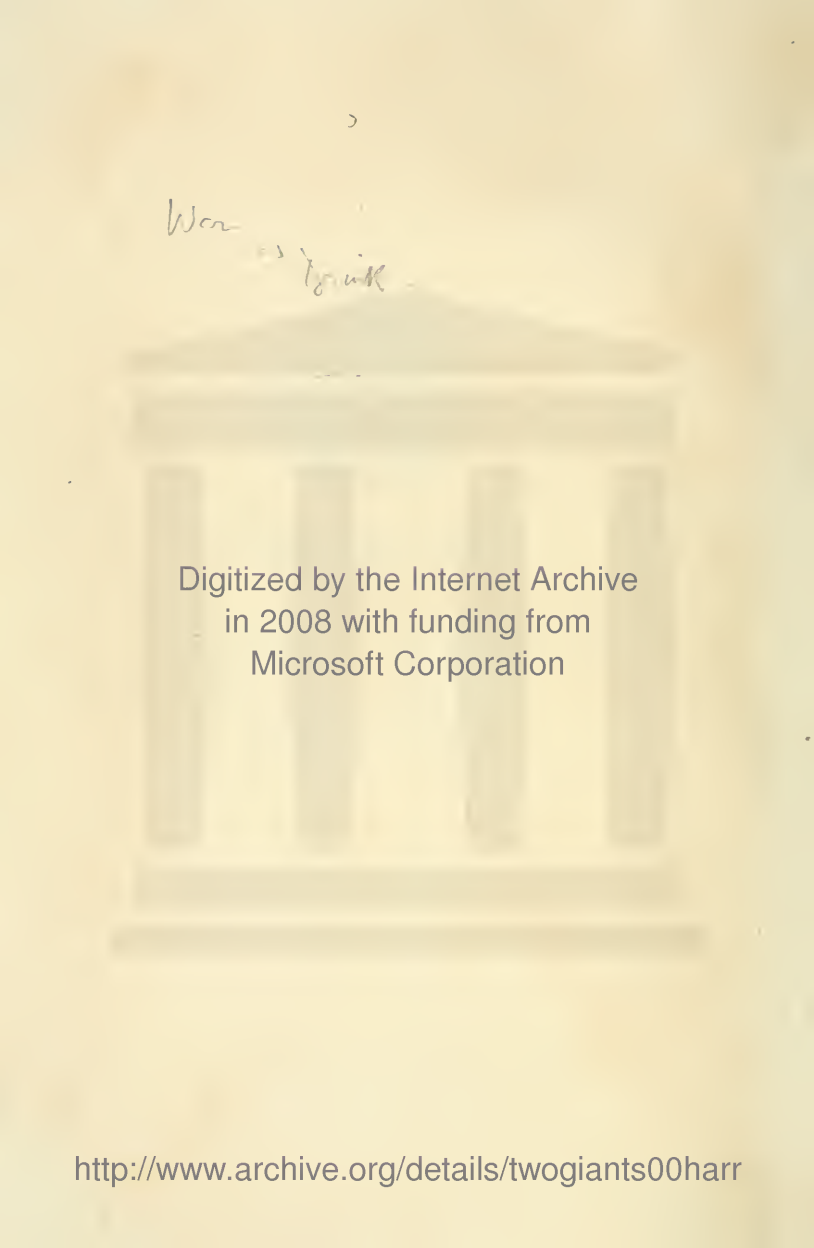
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Charlotte Seabrook
March 31st
1879

OLD EZRA ARC.

See page 107.

THE TWO GIANTS

By

JOHN HARRIS

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES, HYMNS AND POEMS," ETC.

WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
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1878.

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PR
475
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DEDICATION.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL NORTHBROOK,

AS A HUMBLE
YET FILIAL TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND
GRATITUDE FOR HIS VALUED
FRIENDSHIP FOR MANY YEARS,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
ENTITLED
"THE TWO GIANTS,"
IS BY PERMISSION
RESPECTFULLY AND THANKFULLY
INSCRIBED BY HIS GRATEFUL
COUNTRYMAN,
JOHN HARRIS.

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

I.

The hues of sunset flushed the solemn mount,
And hung upon the grasses of the glen,
And song swelled round me like a gushing fount,
Heard not amid the busy walks of men:
It trickled slowly through the reedy fen,
And murmured downward by the peasant's door:
When lo! a vision met my anxious ken,
Amid the bracken of the bouldered moor,
And well I knew 'twas one with will to lift the poor.

859929

II.

I tuned my harp among the bright hare-bells,
Beside the lone rocks of my native hill,
And, wondering, mused through Fancy's airy cells,
Where Music wooed me with her pastoral quill:
And even with the pick and mining-drill,
And echoing mallet, hymns were in mine ear.
Where Poverty sits sighing on the sill,
Or cowers in wards whose very walls are drear,
And sighs are rising still, the sounds of psalm I hear.

III.

But nevermore that vision met mine eye,
Till NORTHBROOK came with humbleness of soul,
Whose faithful friendship bade the shadows fly,
And cheered me onward to the final goal,
Where fragrant winds and clearest waters roll:
And well I knew 'twas he whom then I scanned
Where fays along the mossy moor-tracks stole,
And silvery echoes filled the listening land,
Which he who pauses now may hear and understand.

IV.

The truest helper is the man of peace,
Whose sword is sheathed, whose spear is idly pent,
Who strives that war and wretchedness may cease,
The gun be hushed, and the last bullet spent;
To save, not waste, his sanctified intent:
Who cheers his brother on life's rude highway,
Whose feeble steps are slowly homeward bent.
And such is NORTHBROOK, with no false display,
So gladly I to him inscribe my simple lay.

6, KILLIGREW TERRACE, FALMOUTH, CORNWALL,
NOVEMBER, 1878.

PREFACE.

This is the author's thirteenth volume of prose and verse, which he has published on his own responsibility. Nearly all the present collection was written, and the copy prepared for the printer, between the months of December, 1877, and April, 1878, when affliction fell upon the writer. Having an Autobiography attached to the present publication, his preface will necessarily be brief.

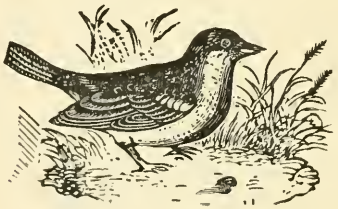
It will be obvious to the reader that the two huge overgrown monsters herein personified, and giving the book its title, are none other than GIANT DRINK and GIANT WAR, whose terrible deeds so desolate the earth. They both destroy their thousands and their tens of thousands of all ages: and the writer trusts that these simple lyrics, which are chiefly scenes of rural life, and pictures from the toiling peasantry of the realm, may be welcomed by his philanthrophic countrymen, and serve, in some small measure, to accelerate the overthrow of INTEMPERANCE and the SWORD. Has not song sometimes accomplished what sterner philosophy could not achieve? So he has been irresistibly drawn to attempt

to wound these strong destroyers of mankind with the wild-wood warblings of his muse.

The same feeling has also prompted him to write the section entitled Kindness to Animals, which he would humbly commend to the lovinghearted and humane. He has aimed at simplicity in these poems, as he is desirous they should be more especially appreciated by the young. The wood engravings are the productions of the author's invalid son, which surely show a manifest improvement from his former attempts.

He cordially thanks his friends and patrons for their cheerful aid once more, and trusts they will not be disappointed in his thirteenth volume, and that his Two Giants may receive the due reward of their deeds.

Killigrew Terrace, Falmouth,
November, 1878.



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"And when the daylight dies,
And the great sun sinks on his golden throne,
My mother, with the clear drops in her eyes,
Says we must love God's own."

The Child of Roo. *See page* 95.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

SIX CHIMNEYS.

IT was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who somewhat humorously said, "I like to write about myself. In fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences." So I have sat down to write about myself, and to enjoy some of the delight of which he speaks, in rambling in thought over long-forsaken tracts, and pleasantly musing through the dim aisles of the Past. If the simple record of my life-struggle should fail to interest the general reader, it may excite the attention of my patrons and friends, and stimulate the child of genius to patient perseverance; and its compilation will bring comfort to my own heart.

I was the eldest child of my parents, who, like the smitten patriarch in the land of Uz, were blest with seven sons and three daughters. One of my earliest recollections is a little white coffin, in which my eldest sister was carried to the grave. The place of my birth,

as intimated in a former sketch published with my "Story of Carn Brea," was a boulder-built cottage, with reedy roof, bare rafters, and clay floor, locally known as the "Six Chimneys," on the top of Bolennowe Hill, Camborne, Cornwall, where I first saw the light on Saturday, October 14th, 1820. Nothing but the ruins of the old dwelling are now seen; for it fell in one of the winter storms about thirty years ago. The eastern wall was much injured in my grandmother's time, through the explosion of a bag of gunpowder, which my uncle Matthew was foolishly drying before the fire. But the house now left standing beside it, however, is but a fair counterpart of itself.

My father's name was John, after whom I was called; and my mother was commonly designated Kitty, though I believe her proper name was Christianna. She was the daughter of a farmer, named Smith, in the neighbouring village of Beacon, who kept his guineas on his bed-tester, and died before I was born. But my grandmother Smith I well remember, and believe her to be a godly woman. For a long time we visited the farm-house at Beacon annually, at the parish feast, when we generally dined off roast goose; and it was a wonderful luxury to me to turn the spit in the old parlour. At such times my uncles would tell stories, as we clustered around the November log; and one of them, whose name was Bill, and who had been in the French wars, much amused me with his accounts of sieges and shipwrecks. I have a dim recollection of finding on my grandmother Smith's shelf a very old book with the quaintest pictures; and I cannot divest myself of the thought that it was Dante's "Inferno." We continued to go to the farm-house, on the annual feast day, until my brothers and sisters became too numerous for my grandmother's table.

In addition to a small farm of seven or eight acres, which my father held on leasehold from W. W. Pendarves, Esq., he was also a copper miner, and was well known as a *tributer* in Dolcoath. He followed his daily avocation underground, and performed his farm-work in the evenings and mornings, and on holidays and

leisurable opportunities. He was a diligent man, and a humble Christian. It may well be said of him that he studied but one book, and that book was the Bible. He expressed himself in few words, made no parade of his religion before his fellows, rarely engaged in any public duty, except occasionally offering prayer in his meeting in a cottage, and teaching a small class of boys in a Sunday school. Owing to the precarious nature of his employment in the mine, having only a certain portion of the mineral he discovered as his own share, his earnings were sometimes almost next to nothing, so that it was difficult to procure food for his household. During these times of solemn dearth I never heard him or my mother complain. She would often cheer him in the evenings, as we sat around the family board, with some word of encouragement, saying it would be better next week, or next month; and though I remained with my parents for twenty-five years, I never heard them speak disrespectfully, or even look angry at each other. They humbly walked in the fear of the Lord; and their gentle influence was sensibly felt by their household, all their children becoming members of Christian churches, and five of their sons preachers of the Gospel.

When just entering on my teens, my father, for what cause I cannot now remember, had to use severity with me. No one knows how poignantly I felt it; and I resolved that he should never have an occasion to repeat it, and he never did. Although our house was so situated that we could see the North and South Channels from the highest point of the hill, yet I was nearly ten years old before I was near the sea. Then, on a holiday, my father took me and my brother William to the sands of Gwithian, travelling on foot forth and back. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind when I first drew near the great ocean, beheld the huge cliffs and rocks, and heard the thunder of the billows upon the shore. I saw it afterwards in my dreams, and heard its eternal roll among the daisies and lark-bursts of my mountain meads.

The little farm which my father rented on Bolennowe Hill was one which my grandfather, Ben Harris,

had redeemed from the wild. He must have laboured hard to do this, as the huge boulders in the rude wide hedges testify. These hedges were a great delight to me in my boyhood, covered with moss and ivy, where ferns held forth their beautiful fronds, whortleberries throve abundantly, and the golden bells of the gorse made delicious music. I was soon confirmed in the belief that fays and fairies thronged there in the moonlight, and strangely-tinselled genii dwelt among the stones. The summer winds that gently floated along brought poetry to my ears; and even the hurricane of winter taught my muse to sing. Young as I was, I could hear the magic of music everywhere; and I played among the boulders with the angel of song at my side.

I cannot recollect ever seeing my grandfather but once, and then death took him away. My brother William and I were building a little twig-house in a corner of the garden, when mother gently came and told us that he was dead. He was a tall old man, wearing a wide-rimmed hat; and I still seem to see the buckles on his shoes, and the shining buttons on his Quaker-cut coat. It is not at all probable that he ever indulged much in poetry or the poets, or knew that such a man as William Shakespere had ever existed. It is said that a neighbour lent him Milton's "Paradise Lost." On returning it, he was asked how he liked it; and his reply is characteristic of his non-acquaintance with this unexampled production—"The man that wrote that book ought to be hanged!" What he would have said of his grandson and his rustic rhymes I cannot tell; perhaps he would have doomed him to imprisonment for life. In all my boy-searches over my grandmother's dwelling, I do not remember discovering any books; so I conclude that my grandfather contrived to grope along his darksome way pretty much without them. One of his sayings, however, contains such a fair share of moral philosophy that it should not be omitted. When gently chided for some strange act of supposed indifference, he calmly gazed into his accuser's face and deliberately replied, "Thee show me a man without a fault, and I will show thee a man without a head." I have tried, but cannot trace back our ancestry any

farther, and know not whether my grandfather was a Saxon or a Celt. This I know, that when the farm, which he enclosed from the common, on the death of my father fell into the lord's hands, the steward refused to renew my mother's lease, heeding not the orphan or the widow's tears. The consequence was that she had to leave the farm, dispose of her little stock, and retire with her six children to a small house at the foot of the hill, to struggle through life as best she might. The farm was left untaken for two years afterwards, unploughed and untilled, the rent set upon it by the steward being more than it was worth.

The next house to my father's was occupied by a ploughman named John Eustace. When very small, I was standing with his wife and daughter by the road-side. An old bent beggar passed by, when the little girl exclaimed, "Mother, can you see?" He stopped upon his crutches, turned his bearded face towards us, and sharply replied, "Can you see! Ay, and what can you see? A poor old man in a bundle of rags? I have been in places where I have seen the KING, and he never said, 'Can you see?'" The old man and his words were not to be forgotten. One morning I entered our neighbour's house. Hearing no one below, I mounted the stairs, and in an old box in a back room discovered a lantern-ring. This struck my child-fancy: I stretched forth my hand and took it. But I felt it was wrong, and before I had reached the bottom of the stairs I wished it back again. The counsel of my Christian mother was in my mind, and the very birds and winds seemed mocking me with earnest voices. I played with it for a while, but its charms grew less and less, until its very sight disgusted me; nor could I rest until I cautiously crept back to the low chamber and deposited it in the box.

Another incident I cannot forget. I could not have been then more than four or five years old. I left my mother's door, and by some contrivance got over the stile at the end of the house leading into the meadow. Here I played among the daisies and clover for some time, pulling off the great heads of the ox-eye, and

collecting moss-cups and ivy-leaves from the hedges. So intent was I on my botanical selection, that I noticed not the sinking sun or the rising moon, until the falling twilight warned me it was time to return to the house. But this was not so easy as leaving it. Round and round I walked, still getting more bewildered and farther into the gloom. Then I sat down upon a rock by the side of the path in the Water Field, shut my eyes and sobbed. Over me were the broad heavens studded with stars, and around me the stillness and solemness of night. My parents, alarmed at my absence, sought for me with many fears; and when they found me, I was sitting upon this mossy boulder, sobbing forth at intervals, "There is nobody here but I and the *buckaw*." The buckaw was a supposed pixey that haunted the neighbourhood.

My aunt Catherine, whose parents lived in a one-chimneyed house on the downs, not far from Hangman Barrow, where we were told a crock of guineas lay under the stones, sometimes came to see us. On one occasion she brought me a little book which greatly interested me. Amongst its contents was the well-known allegory:—For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of a horseshoe nail. The sad image of the unfortunate horseman, so miserably left to his fate, continually haunted me; and the lesson of promptly attending to little things was not lost. And how often my gentle mother charmed me in the light of the sputtering furze-brand, as we clustered around her knees in the dear old kitchen, and she told us tales of the long-ago, when men loved virtue more than gold, and simpleness and truth were unalloyed gems! Her loving spirit did much to people the realm of fancy with fairy forms, so that it was but a few steps from her knees into the land of enchantment. Whatever truth my homely strains may possess is greatly owing to my mother.

At the end of our house on the hill was a rude arch, composed of rough blocks of granite, the top

of which was covered with green turf. This we called "The Mountain;" and when a child I frequently climbed to the top, and sat there alone with the great world bathed in beauty around me. The sky and clouds and blushing flowers, the solitary hawthorn on the croft hedge, the birds floating through the clear azure, the ruffle of the reeds and the murmur of the brooklet in the valley, delighted my simple soul, and filled me with thoughts I could not express. Nature was then teaching me some of her fairest lessons, which after years would more fully unravel.

I could not have been more than four or five years old when I first went to the Sunday school where my father was a teacher, and derived much Christian knowledge under the godly superintendence of Mr. John Thomas, who was a thoroughly educated man. Soon after this a revival of religion took place in the village; and at a meeting for children in a cottage, whilst on my knees praying, a holy sensation filled my being, the like of which I have never felt before or since. My lips were unsealed, so that I loudly praised the name of the Lord; and so buoyant was I, that I thought I could almost fly away. I embraced my father and mother and all I met, telling them that I was mercifully visited by the Spirit, and that He had made me His child. But this state of feeling was of very brief duration, though the remembrance of it often comforted me. When about sixteen, I became a teacher in the school, and rose from one post to another until I filled the office of librarian. Though my week days were so busily and so hardly occupied, I felt it to be my duty to devote the Sabbath to the service of the Master. So I soon became connected with two schools, being superintendent of one at Black Rock, which was in the midst of a barren moor, about two miles from my home; and I frequently had, in addition to these morning and afternoon duties, to preach twice on a Sunday, finishing my labours about ten o'clock at night. This course of rather severe Sabbath discipline was cheerfully pursued almost up to the time that I became a Scripture Reader at Falmouth, in August, 1857.

Then came my first journey down the hill to Dame Trezona's school in the hamlet, where I sat upon a low cricket at her feet to learn the A B C. She had some half-a-dozen boys and girls in all; and I was soon considered to be the best scholar in her establishment. I do not remember much about her at this far distance, only that she wore spectacles and a cotton bedgown and took snuff. I made fair proficiency in all the scholastic arts she could inculcate, and soon became very fond of books. My father presented me with a penny "Robinson Crusoe," with a rude frontispiece, which I carried to my bedchamber with me every night. About this time a ragged copy of Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night" fell into my hands, which I found on an old shelf in my mother's kitchen, and which I read with great avidity over and over and over again, until I could pretty well understand its meaning. Other books of rhyme helped to kindle within me the love of song, which Nature fostered amid the brakes and boulders of my native hill.

I did not continue very long under the tuition of Dame Trezona, but entered a similiar institution kept by a woman named Penpraze, which was held in Troon Chapel. She, and several of her scholars, were much alarmed on one occasion during a hail-storm in summer, accompanied with lightning and thunder, when some of the glass was broken, though I felt but little fear. Leaving her and the old edifice, I was placed under the care of a harsh pedagogue, whose name, I believe, was Reed. He had a great number of boys under his charge, some of whom, I suppose, were unruly enough. But his discipline was singularly severe. After seeing him strike my companion's palm with a flat piece of hard wood studded thickly with sharp nails, so that every point brought the blood, I felt disheartened, and begged to be sent to some other academy. He was a genuine counterpart of old Squeers, whom Dickens has described so graphically. Is it any wonder that the pupils of such ungainly punchers should leave the dreaded enclosure dunces and blockheads? A few days under his

savagery sufficed for me; and I have quite forgotten his appearance, except that he had a bald head, small eyes, and wore glasses over a very wide red nose.

My next teacher was a miner, a mild pious man, of the name of Roberts. He had met with an accident in his work underground, depriving him of a leg, which was badly supplied by a wooden stump. In those days any shattered being wrecked in the mill or the mine, if he could read John Bunyan, count fifty backwards, and scribble the squire's name, was considered good enough for a pedagogue; and when he could do nothing else, was established behind a low desk in a school. I do not think John Roberts's acquirements extended far beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic; and I doubt if he knew what the word geography meant. The School Board was then a name not found in the English vocabulary. His seminary was a thatched house by the road-side, in a poorly-cultivated district known as Forest Gate, which, I believe, is still standing. It was, perhaps, a mile from our house, and our way to it led over the moor, where I have often lingered to hear the babble of the brook, and the song of the sirens among the withes. But though John Roberts was a stranger to most of the sciences now so generally taught in the schools, he possessed what, perhaps, is better still—a thorough knowledge of the saving power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His daily instructions began and ended with extempore prayer. This influence for good could not fail to have been felt by his pupils; and it yet lives in reedy hamlets and smoky cities to brighten the moral world.

My first attempts at rhyme were made whilst I was a scholar under my miner-master; and my verses were written on the blank spaces of my first ciphering book. For years this was treasured up as an interesting trophy where the coy Muses set their earliest mark, until its fate was sealed by neglect and the damps and decays of time. What became of it I cannot tell, unless it was made into boats by my brothers, and ferried across the carn pool. Having

discovered the secret of rhyme, and the mystery of inventing couplets, I found it impossible to stop. Paper was a scarce commodity, and so I used the clean side of tea-papers which my mother had brought from the shop: and sometimes ink from the blackberries of the hedges. Very often my juvenile attempts were destroyed with my own hands; but when I concluded that my performances were more happily conceived, I read them to my brothers and playfellows, who declared they were grandeur itself.

At nine years of age I was taken from school and put to work in the fields, to drive the horses in the plough to Uncle George Harris. I was then barely able to read and write and cast up figures. My master was a tall bony man, who had more faith in the ghosts of the beacon than in the virtue of books. His two horses were called Bob and Fly, which were animals really worth a photograph. Bob was grey, and Fly was red; and a constant utterance of Uncle George's was, as I held the whip in one hand and the halter of the nearest horse in the other, "Smither, Bob, Fly." He had no wife, but a wide-backed dumpy housekeeper, named Rosy, who would never walk more than two or three steps before she turned to look around her. I was quite interested in the bright pewter plates on her dresser-shelves, and not less so in the cold meat which we regularly had for dinner on Mondays, with the hot potatoes roasted in the peat ashes on the hearth. I do not recollect writing any rhymes whilst with Uncle George, partly because I was kept so busy, and partly because I was only with him for a few months; nor do I remember whether I had any payment in the shape of wages for the long day's work, save the dinner of cold meat and roasted potatoes.

I then went to work with an old tin-streamer of the name of Waters, who gave me threepence a day to throw sand from the river in Forest Moor. Here I stood with bare feet in the running water, and ate my dinner in a peat-built rush-covered hut. The tinkle of the crystal brooks, the sigh of the

wind through the white-tufted rushes, the birds singing on the withe-branches, or floating carelessly through the clear air, revived the suppressed spirit of numbers never again to sink into repose. I wrote for my companions, and felt richly repaid with their honest praises under the flowery hawthorn, when the white moon rose over the hamlet, and the returning mower's whistle sounded in the hollow. These lines were rude and rustic enough, none of which I can remember; and they were sometimes embellished with pen-and-ink drawings of my own, and were considered superior to anything ever produced by mortal man. So strangely did the power of composition assail me, that I would leave my companions at their pleasant games, and steal away to my favourite bower, where I sat alone among the heather till the twilight deepened, and the weird boulders caught the glitter of the stars and the music of the evening winds. On my right hand the Nine Maidens stood motionless on the moor; on my left were the Druid-relics, rock-basons, and ancient castle of Carn Brea; before me were green fields and tree-covered hamlets; behind me, the rugged rifts of the Land's End; below me, the clear river in the rushes, and above me the illimitable sky with its eternity of love. So far away from the noise and clamour of towns and cities, the rush of commerce, and the roar of the manufactory, it is scarcely any wonder that I was held in the spell of song. The great granite rocks, silent in their loneliness; the weird tracts along the mossy moorland, trod by fairy feet; the miles of rustling heather, where the plover and partridge found a safe shelter; the trickling streams tumbling among the stones, the lights and shadows that fell upon the plain, and the rhyme-laden whispers falling down the distant heights, had more poetic power for my yearning heart than all the rigour and regime of books or schools.

At ten years of age my father took me with him to Dolcoath Mine, to work on the surface, in assisting to dress and prepare copper ore for the market. Sometimes I had to work at the keeve, sometimes at the picking-table, sometimes in the slide, sometimes

on the floors, sometimes in the cobbing-house, and sometimes at the hutch. Sometimes I had to wheel the mineral in a barrow until the skin came off my hands, and my arms were deadened with the heavy burden. Sometimes I was scorched with the sun until I almost fainted; and then I was wet with the rains of heaven so that I could scarcely put one foot before another. I left my home at six in the morning, and returned to it again at six in the evening. Yet I never complained, nor would I if the same sharp scene had to be enacted again. God had placed me there, and I knew it was right. And, moreover, I had the song-angel to comfort me, walking at my side among the mineral-splinters, rocks and rubbish, and whispering in the narrow lanes and grassy meadows as I travelled homewards sweeter utterances than language can reveal.

After toiling in this way for two years, my father took me with him into the interior of the earth, nearly two hundred fathoms under the surface. Ascending and descending the ladders, some sixty or seventy in number, was a fearful task. On my first descent into the mine, when I was about thirteen years of age, my father went before with a rope fastened to his waist, the other end of which was attached to my trembling self. If my hands and feet slipped from the rounds of the ladder, perhaps my father might catch me, or the sudden jerk might pull us both into the darkness to be bruised to death on the rocks. Sometimes the ladder went down through the middle of a huge cavern, warping and shaking at every step, and with the candle stuck to my hat-crown I could not see from side to side. Sometimes they slanted one way, sometimes another; and sometimes we had to climb over craggy rocks crashed into the void, where a slip of the foot would be our doom. And when at last we reached our working place, a huge cell in the hollowed rock, I looked up in boyish expectation to see the moon and stars, and was quite disappointed to find nothing but the blackest gloom. But the climbing up evening after evening, that was the task of tasks! Ladder after

ladder, ladder after ladder, until they seemed interminable, and the top one would never be reached. Panting and perspiring, after stopping again and again, we reached the top at last, where the pure air of heaven fanned our foreheads and filled our lungs with new life, though our flannel dress could not have been wetter if immersed in a river.

Thus the years wore on, and I grew inured to my severe toil. But the Muse never left me above ground or below. I was always courting her, and she was the great solace of my life. In the dust and sulphur of the mine I was making lines to jingle, impelled onward by a strange power I could not resist. I sewed some leaves together and began to copy my effusions. After labouring underground all day, we had to return to our home on the hill which was about three miles off. My father walked before, and I followed at a short distance behind him; and often the whole journey was traversed without scarcely a word having passed between us. But all this time I was at my rhyming, quietly putting my thoughts together, and writing them in some shady corner of the kitchen on my return. Still I continued to read, borrowing all the books that I possibly could. Captain Jemmy Thomas threw open his library-door to me, and the Rev. Hugh Rogers, the rector of Camborne, lent me Southey's "Remains of Henry Kirke White," which I pondered with great avidity and delight. He afterwards called to see me at my father's house, and read some of my first effusions, which I had just come in from the field and written with sod-soiled hands: but he gave me no encouragement whatever, rather advising me to discontinue the pursuit of numbers, which was generally the way to poverty and the poorhouse. But this I could not do, though it was kindly spoken, no doubt; for to give up my poetry would fill me with such sorrow as to break my heart. Whenever I met with words I did not understand, I referred to my dictionary, which I bought of a pious blacksmith in the mine, to whom I sometimes recited my pieces, for two half-crowns, wrote them on a slip of

paper which I carried in my pocket, and learnt them while I travelled to and from my work. In this way I made a long list of useful syllables my own, which served me ever afterwards. I also paid great attention to any speakers I could depend upon, and thus learnt to pronounce many difficult words, and also to improve my grammar. The Sunday school library in the village helped me greatly. This was my only dictionary, until the late Mrs. Maynard sent me "Ogilvie," in September, 1875.

After a while I began to carry paper and pencil in my pocket, and jot down my rhymes as they came to me. Sometimes I would slip into a field, and write under a hedge so as not to be observed, while my mine-mates walked on and left me. If I found an unfrequented path, I greatly preferred it to the thronged thoroughfare, and went musing on alone, still adding to my poems. I frequently kept my paper and pencil hidden out of sight in my coat-sleeve, held there with the tips of my fingers. This love of solitude made me a little singular, though I was cautious not to give offence. I shunned the crowd then, and I shun the crowd now. Often have I paced the great cairns around my father's dwelling in the musing twilight, until the whispering winds seemed laden with echoes from other spheres, and my rapture has been greater than his who taketh a city. My brothers and sisters increased, and talk became more abundant, so that it was difficult to sit and write amongst them. I therefore stole into the fields and crofts, or sat in the old reedy barn in winter time, scribbling my rustic stanzas with my feet wrapped in my mother's cloak. How have I longed, at such times, for a cell in the castle of Carn Brea, where I thought I could spend a happy existence apart from kith and kin! So enamoured was I of solitude, that my companions were soon left for the shadow of the granite boulders, or the fragrance of the blossoming furze. And in the early spring-time I often walked up and down by the sheltered hedges, where the sun shone, reading and writing. Whether I sat by the kitchen fire with the usual household duties enacting around me;

whether I drove the horse in the plough to my father, or wheeled the sod of the meadows into heaps; whether I collected the sheep from the down, or drove the cow to watering, my mind was ever active with my verse-making as the one object of my life.

My brother William and I slept in one bed in a corner of the great chamber. The rafters and beams were all visible; and often as I lay awake in the moonlight I used to count them, and fancy I saw little horsemen galloping along their edges, or green-coated musicians harping by the curious joints. The wind rushing over the thatch, or thundering in the great chimney, was to me the lyre of wonders intoned by the fingers of mystery. My thoughts would, almost unwooed, resolve themselves into numbers; and as I slept nearest the wall, I often scribbled them upon the plaster, so as to be able to copy them at leisure. And my leisure was very little, much less than that possessed by very many of the same age and station around me; for when disengaged from the mine, my father often kept me in the fields as long as daylight lasted, and sometimes in the barn by candlelight. But I bought up every shred of opportunity, wasting not a single hour, improving every spare moment, hearing the ringing of psalms everywhere. When digging the meadow-ditch, I used to put pencil and paper on the grass a few feet in advance of me, then hoe away, making my poetry at every hack, and when I came up to the sheet write down my verses. And though thus diligent in the pursuit of poetry, from boyhood, until the keepers of the house are beginning to tremble, I can conscientiously affirm that I have not neglected for it one single social duty. From first to last the majority of my poems have been written in the open air—in lanes and leas, by old stiles and farm-gates, rocks, and rivers, and mossy moors. When about thirteen or fourteen, I purchased a small fife for a few pence, on which I learnt to play several tunes. But the most interesting feature in connection with it was, perhaps, my sitting alone among the furze-bushes and

thyme-banks fifing my verses into existence. After playing them over and over again, I wrote them down on paper with my well-worn pencil, and at leisure transferred them to my scrap-book. All my published volumes, tracts, pamphlets, periodical articles, and letters, have been copied or written whilst sitting up in my chair, holding the sheet in my hand.

Our old red horse, Golly, had, I think, much more knowledge than his compeers. When I drove him in the plough, he looked at me so sagely as if he knew I was writing verses to the regularity of his tread. When I mounted his back, and rode him to watering on the downs, he kept on so steadily as if he knew there was a juvenile jingler astride his glossy coat. When I held him in the paddock, he gathered his mouthfuls so deliberately, and munched the grasses so contentedly, as if he were aware that a new poem was concocting in his presence to gladden the wondering world. In the wain, or the harrow, or the roller, he acted so judiciously as if he were conscious that a tiny peasant-piper was at his side. But when we went to Connor Bar for sand in the newly-painted cart, how he jogged away through long long miles of narrow lanes, where the birds sang on the bushes, and the gossamer hung in the brakes, needing not a single chirrup, or gee ho, or crack of whip, as if his genuine instinct revealed to him that a mountain-bred muser was writing poetry to the sound of his hoofs. Dear, defunct old Golly! it is pleasant, even now, to recall his memory, though his bones have long mouldered into dust, and the fields and lanes which once knew him know him no more. The rhythm of many a new-born lyric has been murmured in his ears.

The first essay of mine ever steeped in printer's ink was a dirge on the death of some miners who were killed in Carn Brea. These verses were given to a poor blind man; and I remember with what intense joy I listened in the crowd as he sang them up and down the market at Camborne. "An Address to the Robin" came next, in one of the Wesleyan magazines, which

was followed by "The First Primrose," and "The Story of Robin Redbreast." The two latter pieces were much praised by the editor, which encouraged me to go on. A tailor at Camborne now lent me Robert Bloomfield; and the zest with which I perused it, it is impossible to portray. I began to save my pence; and the first books I bought were a Bible and a hymn-book, and then Shakespere. My evenings were devoted to study, chiefly out of doors, wandering about the wilds with a book in my pocket, or my pencil and paper in my hand. Nothing could discourage me or divert me from my purpose. If my fingers tingled with cold, I rubbed my hands together, or beat them on my shoulders, as I had seen my father do in the fields. If my feet ached and felt benumbed, I ran along the sheep-paths, or scampered over the moss on the lee side of the hedge, until relief came, and the blood coursed freely through my veins. This was done in my hours of leisure, which many around me worse than wasted. Once only I entered a beer-house alone with the intent of drinking. Many youths of my own age and occupation were sitting there, smoking and chatting over their cups. I looked around me for a few minutes, and concluded that if I continued to visit the alehouse I should grow up like these people, and not advance one single step beyond my present position. My resolve was quickly made, that, with the help of Him whom I desired to serve, I would never alone enter such a place again—and I never did. Summers and winters passed by, I struggled on in rain and sunshine, cold and heat, the love of books increasing more and more, the enkindled passion for poetry burning in my breast, which all the heavy hardships of my lot could not suppress, keeping my back perpetually on the beer-house door.

Thus year was added to year with no abatement in my daily toil or in my pursuance of poetry, until love found me in the fields, and I became the grateful possessor of my good wife Jane. I was then twenty-five, and up to twenty-three had carried all my earnings to my mother. Our first place of residence

was a two-roomed dwelling in the village of Troon. I was then a tributer in the mine; and for the first ten months of our married life fortune was against me, so that my earnings amounted to no more than ten pence a day. How we contrived to exist on this small pittance, without going into debt, I cannot tell; yet so it was. Then the tide turned, mineral was discovered, Providence blest my labours, and I soon became the owner of two hundred pounds. With this sum I built a house by the river, where we lived happily for many years. Still I had no study, no room to call my own, where I might sit in quiet with my books and the Muses. How much I longed for it I cannot tell, or how many tears I shed. In hours of leisure, on holidays, and intervals of release from the drudgery of the mine, I often had recourse to my old haunts on the hill, writing my poems among the rocks, in sheltered corners where the mosses were plentiful, by gorse-bushes fragrant with yellow flowers, or in the shallow mine-pits overhung with brambles and heather. Here I remained in blissful meditation, far away from the busy multitude, sometimes writing on the crown of my hat, or the face of a lichened boulder, while the mystery of the mighty moors filled my fancy, and the larks soared and sang in the blue ether. A study of four walls might not, after all, have been more propitious.

Soon after our marriage, the Rev. G. T. Bull, of Treslothan, seeing I was fond of poetry, lent me a volume of Shakespere. The first play I read was "Romeo and Juliet," which I greedily devoured travelling over a wide downs near my father's house. The delight I experienced is beyond words to describe, as the sun sank behind the western waters and the purple clouds of evening fringed the horizon. The bitters of life changed to sweetness in my cup, and the wilderness around me was a region of fairies. Sometimes I cried, sometimes I shouted for joy; and over the genii-peopled heights a new world burst upon my view. Admitted into the palace of enchantment, I passed the gateway again and again, and heard music and saw visions of ethereal loveliness which

filled me with a fuller existence. In the lovely home of the Misses Thomas I first heard Mr. Bull read some choice extracts from Byron's "Childe Harold." The masterly might of this powerful magician held me entranced. For weeks and months I could hear or think of nothing else. To borrow the book, and read it for myself, what a treat! but nobody would think of lending it to me. A short time afterwards, Mr. Charles Rule, who was kind to me when a lad in the mine, invited me to his house. I went, was ushered into the drawing-room, and seeing several books upon the table, concluded that the nearest by me must surely be "Childe Harold." I timidly put forth my hand and took it; but was a little surprised to find that it was a New Testament.

For more than twenty years I was a working miner, toiling in the depths of Dolcoath. Here I laboured from morning till night, and often from night till morning, frequently in sulphur and dust almost to suffocation. Sometimes I stood in slime and water above my knees, and then in levels so badly ventilated that the very stones were hot, and the rarefied air caused the perspiration to stream into my boots in rills, though I donned my flannel shirt and worked naked to the waist. Sometimes I stood on a stage hung in ropes in the middle of a wide working, where my life depended on a single nail driven into a plank. Had the nail slipped, I should have been pitched headlong on the broken rocks more than twenty feet below. Sometimes I stood on a narrow board high up in some dark working, holding the drill, or smiting it with the mallet, smeared all over with mineral, so that my nearest friends would hardly know me, until my bones ached with the severity of my task, and the blood dropped off my elbows. Sometimes I had to dig through the ground where it was impossible to stand upright, and sometimes to work all day as if clinging to the face of a cliff. Sometimes I have been so exhausted as to lie down and sleep on the sharp flints, and sometimes so thirsty that I have drunk stale water from the keg, closing my teeth to keep back the worms.

Sometimes I had wages to receive at the end of the month, and sometimes I had none. But I despaired not, nor turned the nymph of Song from my side. She murmured among the tinctured slabs, cheered me in the hot air of the closest cell, when panting under the mallet or the sledge, the pick or the levering-bar, wheeling the barrow, pushing the waggon, filling the bucket, or lifting the severed stones, bringing down into the dense darkness the scent of flowers, green leaves and clover meadows, whilst the lark's shrill carol rang in my soul. My verses have been written on smooth pieces of house-slate, roof-tile, iron wedges underground, and even on my thumb-nails, the principal delineations being those of my own county.

In this way the angel of music strove to cheat the tyranny of labour, and kept me company in the gloom. "Take care of yourself," said one of the mine-agents when I was very weak and poorly, and left me breaking rocks in the powder-smoke with an enormous sledge that I could scarcely lift higher than my chin. It was pleasant, on one occasion, to be called into the account house at Dolcoath, and to be presented by the agents with half-a-sovereign, for my "sobriety and good conduct." After the fatigue of the day below, when my bones ached and my heart was heavy, I had to climb the long ladders, one after another, to reach the surface of the earth and home; for this was before the man-engine was adopted, a laudable invention for the comfort of miners by the late Charles Fox, Esq. By this time I was often so weary that I could scarcely drag myself along. It was full two miles to my house; and in the winter season it was frequently rain, through which I had to trudge without cape or overcoat, so that by the time I reached my dwelling I was wet to the skin. Ye who have pictured parlours, and well-filled libraries, with every other accessory to study, may well ask what spirit I had for reading and writing then? Though my hands were hardened with the tool-handle and scarred with the callous flints, nothing could daunt the desire within me, or suppress the longings of my soul; and every moment of leisure was devoted to the one object I had in view. Often have I rocked my children in the cradle,

and hummed my song into existence at the same time, which helped to lull the little ones to sleep. Whilst their mother has been working about the house, I have held them on my knees and wrote my verses with their ringing prattle in my ears. No man was happier than I when I led them forth into the fields and crofts, among the gentle rivulets and high rocks, they to gather ferns and flowers, and I to write because my heart was full. One of these scenes perpetually haunts me. We had climbed a rushy hillock, and near its summit sat in the sun. Below us was a clear river shining and tumbling over the pebbles; behind us, and on each side was the wide moorland stretching away wider and yet wider still; a few thatched cottages were scattered here and there, from the open doors of which snatches of household song floated up to us in our green bower; whilst over head the great mysterious sky spread out its magnificence. A daughter sat on each side of me: and in deep silence we watched this glowing scene.

Thus my children became my companions. They were never happier than when with me, nor I than when with them. They were with me when I wrote my "War-Fiend" at the head of the Reens, under the young fir-trees by the brook. They knew when I was thoughtful, and seldom disturbed me, playing about the banks till I rose to go. They shared in our humbleness, content with what Providence sent us, filling our wayside home with light, and gladdening our hearts more than the clink of silver or the glitter of gold. All day long I struggled and strove far below the sound of the river, or the sight of the sun; yet the remembrance of their dear faces cheered me in the conflict, and I shook off the bands of lassitude and hastened to meet them with sunshine in my soul. And when any little unexpected comfort came, how my heart throbbed to meet them at the hearth, that we might share it together! and my bliss was surely then a shadow of that which angels feel in heaven. In adverse times, too, when my month's earnings would scarcely purchase bread, on its receipt I have walked sadly through the fields and lanes, wiping off the tears because I could not afford to

purchase anything nice for my children. On such oppressive seasons I have often filled my outside pocket with blackberries from the hedges, that they might not be altogether disappointed. They would watch for me through the window as I came up the garden, lifting their hands, their bright eyes shining with delight; and the possession of the wild berries of the brake filled them with the greatest joy. I felt I was poor no longer, and wiped my eyes in thankfulness, even as I wipe them now; and we sallied forth to seek for poems among the bushes.

We were at supper one evening in Troon-Moor house, our two daughters in the window, I at the end of the kitchen table, and Jane sitting on a chair beside it. We had fried onions, and the flavour was very agreeable. I was hungry, having just returned from a long day's labour in the mine. Suddenly we heard a step in the garden, and then a knock at the door. My wife opened it, and I heard a gruff voice say, "Does the young Milton live here?" My wife asked the possessor of the gruff voice to walk in; and we soon discovered that it was the Rev. G. Collins. We invited him to partake of our meal, to which he at once assented, eating the onions with a spoon, exclaiming almost at every mouthful, "I like these fried leeks." He asked for my latest production, and I gave him "The Child's First Prayer," in MS. He quietly read it; and before he had finished I could see the tears running down his face. Besides the two daughters, Jane and Lucretia, already named, we were afterwards blest with two sons, Howard and Alfred.

Through the appearance of my "First Primrose" in the Magazine, Doctor George Smith, of Camborne, came to know me, and kindly invited me to his house at Treyu. After one or two calls, I told him I should like to make an attempt at publishing, but I scarcely knew how to begin. The Doctor paced his room, and after a few turns said, "John, copy a few of your best pieces, and I will submit them to my friends, and see what they will say about it." This was done, and I anxiously waited to hear the verdict of my

judges. I have now forgotten all the others, except that of Doctor Etheridge, who was a genuine classical scholar and a poet. He wrote to my patron to say, "I would recommend 'The Love of Home,' and 'My Mother's Voice,' to the world. Encourage the author, and he will take his stand among the English poets." This was sufficient, and I was persuaded to collect pieces enough together to make an eighteen-penny volume, which I dedicated to Doctor Smith, he acting for me with my printer. This was in the year 1853. The Doctor prepared a written prospectus for me, and several of the gentry in the neighbourhood subscribed to the work; one of my best friends being Mr. John Budge, who pronounced my sonnet to the lark to be equal to Wordsworth. The book was entitled "Lays from the Mine, the Moor, and the Mountain." It was well received by the public and the press, and was followed by a second and an enlarged edition in about eighteen months. It was then that a friendship was first formed between me and Dr. J. A. Langford, of Birmingham; which continues to this day. He visited us in 1872, and was deeply interested in Mr. Joshua Fox and the birds. Captain Charles Thomas, the managing agent of the mine where I worked, told me that he was so pleased with my poems that he remained out of bed nearly the whole of one night reading them. He also strove to help me, by showing the book to one of the richest adventurers in the mine, who gained his thousands a year through the excessive toil of the poor men. It was told me afterwards that he took up the volume, turned it round, flung it upon the account-house table, and exclaimed, "Let him work on, let him work on," wounding me to tears. He refused to subscribe for a single copy. How I persevered amid such rough labour and such strange rebuffs seems now almost incredible. But nothing could turn me from my purpose, or wrest the Muse from my embrace.

By this time a large number of pieces were treasured up in my drawer, the surplus of a heap which my wife and I burnt in an unused fireplace upstairs. How carefully I guarded my manuscripts

none but a poor poet can tell. Mr. Henry Gill, of Tiverton, sent me a pound, with which my wife and I visited the Land's End, travelling on foot from Penzance to the Logan Rock, and from thence to the "First and Last" in one day; and though we paid for a night's lodging at the inn, we brought nearly half the sovereign back with us. This journey resulted in my poem, "The Land's End." How I revelled in the fresh air, the sounds and sights of this well-known promontory, none but those who have escaped from the sulphur of the mine, or the dust of the factory, can understand. Serious longings now came over me to be released from underground darkness, and to be employed in some humble sphere above ground. But months and months passed, with all the drag and drudgery consequent on a miner's life, and I was still chained by circumstances to the rock. The pure air was what I sighed for, and the inspiration of Nature and man. Not that I was discontented with my lot where Providence had placed me; but would not some vocation where I might sometimes see the blue sky, the fields and flowers, and hear the wild birds and the rushing rivers, conduce greatly to my already failing health, and be more propitious to my poetry? I prayed about it in the mine-caves, and in the narrow lanes going to and coming from my work. Nor can I forget a beautiful summer evening, when the purple light was resting on tree-top and tower, and the wings of angels seemed fluttering in the firs, how I wandered down the valley by a clear stream, with tears upon my face and a prayer upon my lips, that, if it were His will, I might speedily be delivered from the dungeon in which I pined. The power of the Almighty seemed resting on the heights, and the hemisphere was full of His presence. I saw I was selfish, and felt willing to submit to His will. If the mine must be my grave, so let it be; or if taken out of it, it was well. I would patiently and cheerfully submit; and soon relief came.

Throughout my mining-life I have had several narrow escapes from sudden death. Once, when at

the bottom of the mine, the bucket-chain suddenly severed, and came roaring down the shaft with rocks and rubbish. I and my comrade had scarcely time to escape; and one of the smaller fragments of stone cut open my forehead, leaving a visible scar to this day. Then the man-engine accidentally broke, hurling twenty men headlong into the pit, and I amongst them. A few scars and bruises were my only injuries. Standing before a tin-stope on the smallest foothold, a thin piece of flint, air-impelled, struck me on the face, cutting my lips and breaking some of my front teeth. Had I fallen backwards among the huge slabs, death must have been instantaneous. Passing over a narrow plank, a hole exploded at my feet, throwing a shower of stones around me; but not a single hair of my head was injured. A more wonderful interposition of Divine Providence may be traced, perhaps, in the following record. Our party consisted of five men working in a sink. Two of them were my younger brothers. Over our heads the ground was expended; and there was a huge cavern higher and farther than the light of the candle would reveal. Here hung huge rocks as if by hairs, and, we knew it not. We were all teachers in a Sunday school, and on the tea and cake anniversary remained out of our working to attend the festival. Some men who laboured near us, at the time when we were in the green field singing hymns and thanking God, heard a fearful crash in our working; and on hastening to see what it was, found the place quite full of flinty rocks. They had suddenly fallen from above, exactly in the place where we should have been, and would have crushed us to powder, were it not for the Sunday school treat.

I now began in my leisure to prepare pieces for a second volume. One evening Mr. Edward Bastin knocked at our door. He had often written me before, and had now heard of a Scripture Reader being required at Falmouth. Dear good man! he had walked three miles forth, and three miles back in the twilight to tell me of it. He acted as kindly as a father, and at last procured the situation for me, where I have been for the last twenty years. Had

I remained in the mine I could not have survived until now, so that Mr. Bastin's efforts have prolonged my life. Soon after coming to Falmouth, I published my "Land's End, Kynance Cove, and other Poems." This was in 1858. In 1860, came my "Mountain Prophet, the Mine, and other Poems." During the summer of this year, Edward Capern, the Devonshire Poet, spent a week with me. We visited several places of local interest, and passed the time most agreeably. He sang his own songs, composed his pieces, and praised our land of mines and moors. He is rather short of stature, and at that time was somewhat given to corpulency. He thoroughly enjoyed the beauties of nature and the loveliness of truth; and I doubt if a truer poet ever existed.

In 1863, I published "A Story of Carn Brea, Essays, and Poems;" in 1866, "Shakspere's Shrine, an Indian Story, Essays, and Poems;" and in 1868, "Luda, a Lay of the Druids, Hymns, Tales, Essays, and Legends." Up to this time Doctor Smith acted for me with my London printer, I collecting the money from my subscribers, and he forwarding it: and about this time he died. The Doctor's kindness was a relief to me, as I could take my own time about it. But to get subscribers, what a tug! what a battle with the Fates! what excuses! what refusals! what disdains! And a positive objection to patronize my pieces cut me like a thrice-sharpened sword. Often has my heart been more heavy than I can express, when the wealthy have turned their backs upon me, declining to take a single 2/6 copy of my works. O, anything, anything else but a poor poet and his books! "Nobody reads your poems," said one of our proud people to me; and without giving a cheerful order stalked off to his dinner of roast. I confess at this time I thought that my last book was published. I saved every penny to pay my bills, denying myself continually; and up to this period I had scarcely profited a solitary pound, fed only with the faint breath of fame. The struggle to get subscribers was just as bitter as blasting the rock in the mine, it being generally looked upon as a charity. Large

numbers of my pieces were written at this time when going to and returning from the Union Workhouse.

The tide began to turn a little, however, with my Shakespere watch, though it took some time to make it known through my published works. The winning of the Tercentenary Prize happened thus. A rhyming friend of mine, Mr. W. Catcott, sent me an advertisement cut from a London journal, wherein was offered the prize of a gold watch for the best poem on the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespere, advising me to compete for it. I consulted my wife about it, and she thought it would be well to try. So try I did, writing and copying my ode in two evenings by the kitchen fire when the children were sleeping in bed. Up to this time I had no place of study or retirement. I complied with the requirements of the Committee, sending my poem with a motto only, and my own name with a similar motto in a sealed envelope. Before posting it, however, I read it to my wife, and she spoke encouragingly of it. It would be nearly three months before the poems would be examined by the adjudicators, and so we had to wait. Time passed, and I had forgotten the day of competition, going out at my Bible reading. When I came in, my wife called to me from the top of the stairs, "You have won the prize—the gold watch." And sure enough there was a telegram asserting that I was the successful competitor out of upwards of one hundred. I was invited to Coventry, to participate in the presentation; but that could not be. In three or four weeks the watch came per post, and was greatly admired by all. The newspapers published an account of it, letters of congratulation reached me from various quarters, and many who had scarcely spoken to me before saluted me most heartily. "This is John Harris, the Cornish Poet," said a lady to an official who was showing us the Abbey at Bath; but he scarcely lifted his eyes to my face. "This is John Harris," said she, "who won the Shakespere Prize;" and he took off his hat and bowed. My few friends and supporters were bound more closely to me; and I found myself, for a while

at least, an object of no small distinction. In a public meeting in my own village of Troon, Doctor George Smith thus expressed himself. "There is a great ado about this gold watch, and it is all right. But there is one thing about it I do not like. In all the newspapers that I have seen, he is called John Harris, of FALMOUTH. But he is not John Harris, of Falmouth — he is OUR John Harris, and we mean to keep him." The MS. poem, which the late Lord Lyttelton designated "remarkable," is now glazed and framed, by Mr. Vincent, and preserved in the Shakespere Museum, Stratford-on-Avon, which is supposed to be the only working man's literary contribution in the place. Mr. William Hooper and I visited Stratford in November, 1864, after I had won the gold watch, which was competed for by the United Kingdom and also by America.

In 1870, I published "Bulo, Reuben Ross, A Tale of the Manacles, Hymn, Song, and Story." This book was dedicated to Robert Alexander Gray, Esq., who behaved exceedingly kind, so that the edition was soon disposed of, and I became the possessor of a score or two of pounds. Through his influence I made the acquaintance of several good people in London, who were friendly ever afterwards. In 1872, I brought out "The Cruise of the Cutter, and other Peace Poems," which was dedicated to the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who had long subscribed to my writings, and to whom I owe very much. I submitted these MSS. to a publishing house in London, asking them if they would bring it out for me. They replied that poetry would not sell; but if I would undertake to dispose of 350 copies, they would publish the work. I agreed; and before it was out of the press had sold the whole edition. This was my first appeal to the publishers, and my last. At the suggestion of Mr. John Gill, of Penryn, I commenced, in 1873, a series of social illustrated tracts, under the heading of "Peace Pages for the People," advocating arbitration instead of war. Twenty-four of these four-paged papers were published by Mr. Gill, who distributed many thousands of them gratuitously in various Sunday schools throughout the

country. Several of these tracts have been re-printed in America. In 1874, I collected some of my best pieces into a large crown quarto volume, double-columned, with a portrait, and published it under the title of "Wayside Pictures, Hymns, and Poems." This volume I also dedicated to Mr. Gray, without whose generous help I could not have issued it. The expenses of printing this large book were upwards of £160, and my subscribers got the volume of me at 10/6. But several friends paid me a guinea a copy, and Mr. Gray himself sold more than £50 worth, so that I was not out of pocket by it. Dear Mr. Gray! even while I write this they are laying him to rest in Forest Hill Cemetery, and the muffled bells of St. Giles's are pealing his funeral dirge. After a life of rare Christian goodness he fell asleep in peace in his ninetieth year. He was instrumental in procuring grants for me, in 1872-5, from the Royal Literary Fund, of £50. Chiefly with this sum I built a little study for myself over our kitchen; and in October, 1874, when I was 53 years of age, realized what I had been anxiously desiring for a lifetime.

My next work was "Walks with the Wild Flowers," published in 1875, and dedicated to Earl Northbrook, then Governor-General of India. His friendship has been of great value to me, which still continues. The edition was soon sold. In 1877, I brought out my "Tales and Poems." The two latter works were illustrated by my son. All my books have been published by subscription, and on my own responsibility, so that my whole life has been a life of labour. I lost several pounds through one of my city publishers; and from the year 1860 to the present time have only received £3 1s. 1d. through my London booksellers. The continued cheerful friendship of Mr. Frederick Clapp, the philanthropist, of "Tenax Exon" repute, has been very pleasant to me. The expenses from first to last in connexion with my book-publishing cannot be far short of a thousand pounds; and I should have but little in the shape of money to encourage me were it not for a recent grant from the Royal Bounty Fund, through Earl Beaconsfield, of £200. This was

greatly owing to the untiring efforts of Mr. W. H. Northy, assisted by John Tremayne, Esq., M.P., the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and the Right Hon. John Bright. But though my life has been one of hardship and severe struggle, I have been content. A crust and a song is better than a sirloin and a groan. I have given the world my thoughts of fifty years, and I am thankful. And though I have written upwards of a hundred hymns, offering them to any section of the Christian Church, and not one, that I know of, has yet found its place in any collection, I will not despair of their being appreciated one day, and becoming humble vessels fit for the Master's use. From the publication of my first volume until now, my principal aim has been to elevate mankind; and this shall bias my future meditations, with the help of the Divine Giver, until "the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken."

THE TWO GIANTS.

THOUGH youth has vanished like a dream,
And on the ledge I stand,
Where murmur voices of the past,
And shadows fill the land:
Though gray hairs mingle with the brown,
And fears more frequent reign,
I'll sing the loveliness of truth,
While life and song remain.

Two Giants of enormous bulk,
And sin's unholy birth,
Age after age have plied their powers
To desecrate the earth.
Both wear the livery of the dead,
Beneath a guise of gold;
And both hew down the tree of hope,
And rob Messiah's fold.

They multiply the widow's tears,
The hungry orphan's moans;
They snap the bonds of brotherhood,
They fill the land with groans:

They waste the wealth of industry,
And tread uprightness down,
And spread their horrors as they stalk
Through country-side and town.

One holds aloft a poison-cup,
Where swells the saddening foam;
And past the palace-gates he sweeps,
And through the poor man's home.
"Drink, laugh, and live!" he wildly cries;
His votaries look in vain,
Nor see that Hunger follows fast,
And Madness in his train,

He strips the dress from baby's back,
He bids true love depart,
He turns the houseless in the street,
He breaks the young wife's heart:
He crowds the gloomy prison-cells,
Flings fetters o'er the free,
And aids the suicidal thrust,
And lifts the gallows-tree.

The other blows a brazen trump,
And wears a crest of steel:
And age and infancy are crushed
Beneath his iron heel.
One hand a reeking sword-blade holds,
Blood-stained by son and sire,
And gentle loving maidenhood:
And oft he scatters fire.

He makes the vine a wilderness,
Where Love's own feet have trod.
And with his fury-flaming breath
Burns up the flowers of God.
Disease and Famine stride behind,
And Plague flaps through the air,
Where earth's spoiled treasures lie among
The cinders of despair.

O God of gods, assert Thy strength!
Uplift Thy mighty hand!
May WAR and DRUNKENNESS no more
Deface the lovely land!
Let truth and righteousness prevail,
And love's all-powerful leaven
Transform the erring universe,
And earth be bathed in heaven!

GIANT DRINK.

RACHEL RENAND.

BY the side of the window sat Rachel Renand,
And her apron was held to her eyes with her hand;
For the hot tears would start, though she wiped them away
Times, times without number throughout the long day.

How worn was her frame, which the eve-breezes fanned,
And how pale were the features of Rachel Renand!
And oft her lips moved as she uttered a prayer
To the Friend of the friendless, whose presence was there.

For years she had watched, as the seasons came on,
For him who had loved her in days that were gone:
But he sinned through the drink, and then left his own land,
With the ring on the finger of Rachel Renand.

There's a tap on the window, a click of the latch;
It may be a sparrow dropped down from the thatch,
Or the west wind a-singing along the sea sand?
How it fluttered the spirit of Rachel Renand!

Again a low tapping, which sounded so nigh!
And she opened the door with a very faint sigh;
And who should be there, with a stick in his hand,
But the very own husband of Rachel Renand!

He was clad in a coat which a parson might wear;
His pledge-card she saw, and sank down in a chair.
Then he joyfully put fifty pounds in her hand,
And kissed the pale face of his Rachel Renand.

AMANDA.

THE harvest wain had left the field,
The thatch was on the stack,
The first dry leaves came rustling down
Upon the rabbit's track:
And through the trailing briony,
Which mid the bushes shine,
The autumn winds, in gentle tones,
Were murmuring lays Divine.

By the field-gate where robin sang
Upon the old thorn-tree,
Amanda looked across the moor,
Towards the distant sea:
And ever and anon she sighed,
Amid the hedgerow's hum,
With big tears shining in her eyes,
"O, when will Willie come!"

He left her when the green corn-blades
Where springing in the leas,
And the first violets gemmed the banks
Beneath the budding trees,

And, leaning on his oaken staff,
Beside the limpid burn,
He sweetly whispered in her ear,
"We'll wed when I return."

She filled her pitcher at the well,
She milked the cow's sweet yield,
She helped her mother in the house,
Her father in the field.
But whether pork was in the pot,
Or milk was in the churn,
It sounded sweetly in her soul,
"We'll wed when I return."

And day by day, from early morn
Till stars began to blink,
Did Willie work among the hills,
Nor ever touched the drink.
He read his Bible by the brook,
When Evening filled her urn,
Still prospering, as he often sang
"We'll wed when I return."

Amanda turned to hear a step
Beside her in the lane;
And then two arms were round her neck,
From Willie home again.
And as he kissed away her sighs,
Along the babbling burn,
He whispered sweeter than before,
"We'll wed when I return."

And soon the bridal dress was bought,
The cot beside the way,
The clock which ticked behind the screen;
Then came the marriage day:
And as the bells pealed louder still
O'er reed and Roman urn,
The merry echoes murmured back,
"We'll wed when I return."

LEVI AND RUTH.

WHEN Ruth wedded Levi, a nicer young man
Never stood up in leggings, or walked with his clan:
But he took to the drink ere the baby was weaned,
And little by little himself he demeaned.

Ruth sat by the grate, with the child on her lap,
And she wept as she thought of the awful mishap:
There were marks on the wall at the foot of the bed,
From a knife which he hurled many times at her head.

His evenings were spent at "The Mariner's Score,"
And he reeled home at midnight, and swaggered and swore;
He frightened his good wife, and filled her with pain;
And his wages decreased as the drink filled his brain.

Ruth kneels with her baby and prays on the floor:
With a bang and a bound he dashed in through the door;
But the tears of his wife overmastered his pride,
And he roared in his agony down by her side.

Next week all his earnings were brought home to Ruth,
A pledge-card hung up where the paper was smooth.
Now he's fatter and fuller and ten times more frank,
With beef in the larder and gold in the bank.

ZELENA.

"OPEN the lattice, Zelena,
Let in the morning air:
All night long I have waited;
The drink has stripped us bare.
Drink has swallowed our wardrobe,
Severed the baby's swing,
Turned our boots to tatters,
Melted my wedding ring!

"Drink has driven the sunshine
Out of the weary earth,
Filling our home with shadows,
Crouching by cupboard and hearth;
Filling my cheeks with paleness,
Filling my frame with pain,
Filling my eyes with darkness,
Never to lighten again!

"There is no bread, Zelena,
There is no light, or fire;
Cannot you hear the singing
Under the garden-briar?
They are the angels, darling,
Come at the dawn of day,
Clad in their robes of whiteness,
Calling your mother away."

Fainter she grew, and fainter,
Till the last pulse was o'er.
How sobbed and cried Zelena,
Sitting upon the floor!
Two eyes look in upon them,
Through a hole in the window pane;
And 'tis said that Zelena's father
Never got drunk again.

"THE FOX AND THE CROW."

"I NEVER drink porter, my beautiful boy,
Or spirits that quickly the reason destroy:
I have parted for ever with brandy and gin,
And 'tis long since the landlord has cuddled me in.

"And my arm has grown stronger and larger, I know,
Since I uttered farewell to 'The Fox and the Crow.'
And Peggy's bright looks are out-summered by none,
And our home is a paradise under the sun.

"The winds have more music, the trees have more song,
The flowers have more beauty the bushes among,
And the sky and the earth are with glory a-glow
Since I hastened away from 'The Fox and the Crow.'

"An ogre sits grinning astride on the thatch,
And an ogre is there with his hand on the latch,
And ogres are glaring wherever you go,
To ruin the wretch at 'The Fox and the Crow.'

"O fly from its door as you would from a fire,
Or a snake in your path, or a tiger in ire:
'Tis the byeway to blackness and wailing and woe,
The house with the sign of the 'Fox and the Crow.'"

LITTLE SAMSON.

A CHILD'S cry by the ingle,
A faint and weary moan,
A murmur like the west wind
When summer songs are flown:
"I'm hungry, O, so hungry!
Will no one heed my call?
There's gloom upon the hearthstone,
And gloom upon the wall.

"I looked into the cupboard,
And not a crust is there:
The cracked milk-jug is empty,
The pantry shelf is bare.
I'm hungry, O, so hungry!
The wind is rude and raw,
My father's in the alehouse,
And mother's on the straw.

I'm hungry, O, so hungry!"
And then his eyelids closed,
And on the ragged matting
Poor little Samson dozed.

And ere a week was ended,
A wintry week and wild,
Two coffins left the cottage,—
The mother and her child.

MARY MACKEAR.

BY a few smoking pine-sticks sat Mary Mackear.
With a face like the white moon when midnight is clear.
She was sewing a rent in her faded attire,
And she sighed as she stitched in the light of the fire.

Her husband frequented "The Hound and the Hare,"
And Mary was oft left alone in her chair.
But Winter was come with his budget of ills,
And what should they do with the snow on the hills?

A step by the window, a hand on the door,
And Willie was in with his feet on the floor;
And ere from her tremor the dame was restored,
A parcel was laid on the top of the board.

A candle was lit, and she saw it was he,
With smiles on his face it was pleasant to see:
But ere she could whisper a word in his ear,
He was hugging and kissing his Mary Mackear.

He had signed in the school-house a fortnight before,
And the pledge round his neck as a trophy he wore.
And he spent no more money in brandy or beer,
But brought home his wages to Mary Mackear.

JOE'S CLOCK.

TICK, tick, went the clock on the small oaken stand:
From Monday till Monday hand overtook hand:
A vase kept the dust from its quaintly-carved face,
And it always looked lovingly perched in its place.

Joe Mills was a currier, who worked in a loft:
His comrades drank whisky, and blustered and scoffed,
Because every eve, when his day's work was o'er,
He turned his face homewards, and passed the bar door.

Joe bore it with patience, nor seldom would speak,
But he knew that it cost them three shillings a week:
So he put that aside, in an old pewter jug,
On the top of the shelf, which he stopped with a plug.

When twelve months had passed, Joe counted his hoard,
And large heaps of silver were spread on the board:
His wife walked to town with her loving good man,
And they purchased the clock when this New Year began.

Now his comrades have left off their laughter and jeer,
And some have forsaken their whisky and beer,
And it teaches a lesson to all in the land,—
Joe's clock which still ticks on the top of the stand.

PEGGY PORTER.

A LIGHT in the window when midnight is clear,
A light in the farm-house beside the lone mere,
Wherein Peggy Porter awaits, with a chill,
Her Robby from market just over the hill.

She goes to the door, with her hood on her head,
And she hears in the moor-lane their horse's known tread:
But no voice of her husband floats over the mead,
And soon she looks forth on a riderless steed.

She searched in the hollow, she searched on the hill,
She called on his name by the reed-covered mill;
She listened again, as she stood in her door,
But Robby came home to his Peggy no more!

He drank at "The Anchor," a-near the town hall,
Till the owl had alighted upon the church wall:
Then he rode on in haste by the river's lone shore;
But Robby came home to his Peggy no more!

RUNAWAY JACK.

CLICK, clack, clickity clack,
Nobody cares for Runaway Jack!
With dirty face, and tattered hose,
And boots that show his naked toes,
And coat that just half-hides his back:
Nobody cares for Runaway Jack!

His mother pledged their all for gin,
And gulped it down in a neighbouring inn;
Then left him sleeping in rags and straw,
When the sleet was thick, and the air was raw.
Click, clack, clickity clack,
Nobody cares for Runaway Jack!

He knew not God, he knew not prayer:
The stars look down through the frosty air,
And the winds along the curb-stones reel,
As he roams the streets to beg or steal.
Click, clack, clickity clack,
Nobody cares for Runaway Jack!

O, heed the voice that echoes loud,
And take him from the criminal crowd:
Be brother or sister to him forlorn,
And crime shall lessen, and hate, and scorn,
And the roses of blessing perfume your track,
For saving the soul of Runaway Jack.

NED'S FATE.

'TIS winter and storm-wind with rumble and roar,
The sea in fierce agony foams on the shore;
With the hand of the Mighty the lightnings are bowed,
And the Thunder is walking his palace of cloud.

It smiteth the widow and orphan forlorn,
It freezes the houseless whose garments are torn,
It shaketh the prison with racket and rout,
Where Ned is confined through a beer-brawling bout.

He drank at "The Firs," till his brain was on fire,
Fell out with the landlord, and rated the squire:
Rushed home in his fury, and flew at his wife,
And left her laid low by the side of the knife.

To-morrow the hangman will fasten the noose,
Which Death's skinny fingers alone can unloose,
And the toll of the bell stagger forth on the gloom
For poor drunken Ned gone down to his doom.

LITTLE BEN BELL.

HE took up his boy as he lay at his feet,
As cold as the pitiless stones in the street:
He had fallen asleep while he drank at "The Plough,"
And the icicles hung from the sycamore bough.

He put him to lie on some shavings and rags,
And covered him over with dirty old bags:
Then he struck his hot forehead with moanings and cries,
But little Ben Bell never opened his eyes.

He attempted to pray, but no words could he speak,
While the sleet through the glass-cracks hissed in on his cheek;
And he smote his raised hands in the night-watches raw,
But little Ben Bell never stirred on the straw.

The light of the morning stole in on the floor,
And the laughter of childhood was outside the door;
A man brokenhearted resolved to be wise,
But little Ben Bell never opened his eyes.

SUSAN SARDEAL.

YOU would scarcely believe it was Susan Sardeal,
With her bonnet so bruised and her shoes down to heel,
Her hair so dishevelled, her face so o'ercast,
And her dress like a rag tossed about by the blast.

She once was the pride of the village of Lee,
Her voice was as sweet as the sigh of the sea,
And her eyes, for their splendour, outvied the gazelle,
And her form was as lithe as the withe of the dell.

She married young Allen, the boast of his race,
Then took to the whisky, and love left the place:
So he sailed to the Indies in quest of lost weal,
Thrust out of his country by Susan Sardeal.

Now off to the pawnshop she slowly doth crawl,
With the last piece of furniture under her shawl:
And the very next step will her destiny seal,—
The ward of the workhouse for Susan Sardeal.

FRED SYMONS.

MEN noticed Fred Symons, the glazier of Frome,
How he passed the inn door on his way to his home;
For his Janie and Jean had attractions for Fred,
Beyond the bar parlour with curtains of red.

And 'twas sweet, when the scythe of the mower was still,
And the milkmaid was singing beside the old mill,
When robin was safe in his nest in the tree,
To watch him at home with his babe on his knee.

His neighbour drank much at "The Horses and Wain,"
And his home was a puddle in sunshine and rain,
But seeing how Fred was so cosy and trim,
He stepped by the beer-house, and acted like him.

And the change was like passing from dryness and dearth
To a region where roses perfume the green earth:
His wife and his children arose from their fall,
And the name of Fred Symons was blest by them all.

JENIFER JAY.

'TWAS known through the hamlet by aged and young,
That Jenifer Jay had a terrible tongue:
It went like a clapper from morning till night,
Or a river that rushed o'er the rocks in its might.

Twas bad for the neighbours, but worse for her man,
Who was pestered and pelted wherever he ran;
Whether upstairs or downstairs, by night or by day,
He was under the tongue-lash of Jenifer Jay.

If he sat with his Bible, she howled in his ear;
If he stood by the dresser, she bade him keep clear.
Clap, clap, went her tongue with a doggerel roar,
Till poor weary Jemmy could could bear it no more.

So he took to the tap-room beside the great road,
To be free from the din of his wretched abode.
Now they call him a DRUNKARD. Let any one say
If he'd be what he is but for Jenifer Jay?

CHARITY CHEER.

"THERE'S nothing for supper," said Charity Cheer,
For John had spent all his week's wages in beer;
So he took down his cap from the mantle-piece edge,
And went to the preacher, and asked for the pledge.

"There's nothing for supper" took hold of his life,
And the great shining tears in the eyes of his wife:
And he vowed, where the larch-leaves so lovingly wink,
That he'd never again spend his earnings in drink.

Things altered at home in a very short space,
The sunshine of comfort illumined the place,
Over platter and picture, afar and more near,
And e'en on the bright face of Charity Cheer.

"There's nothing for supper" was never said more:
For now they have cows, and a vine at the door,
And their drink is pure water that bubbles up clear,
And no wife is happier than Charity Cheer.

FERDINAND FOREST.

THE door was half-open, the cottage was clean,
And Ferdinand Forest was reading to Jean:
The child on her lap was a picture to see,
Which she lulled into rest to the rock of her knee.

His mates to the tavern would often resort,
And they wanted the plumber to join in their sport;
But his head he would shake at the cunning decoy,
For he'd rather by far be with Jean and his boy.

And she strove to make home, in the heat and the cold,
More pleasant than any where porter is sold.
O, the smile of his wife, and her word of sweet cheer,
To Ferdinand Forest was better than beer.

The faces he loved, the hearth, and the chair,
At eve, like an angel, would beckon him there:
And I doubt if a picture more lovely was seen
Than Ferdinand Forest reading to Jean.

JOE WRIGHT.

JOE Wright with a swagger reeled this way and that,
His boots were half-soleless, and rimless his hat;
His coat showed his elbows, with slits up and down,
And rags fluttered free from his heels to his crown.

He met Ernest East on the edge of the moor,
With a boquet of flowers from his patch by his door:
But Joe spent his time at "The Yoke and the Steeds,"
So his bit of garden bore nothing but weeds.

In the light of the sun how the bright colour glows!
Ernest bade Joe good morning, and gave him a rose,
Which he kept in his hand, as he reeled on his way,
And a thousand new thoughts filled his spirit that day.

He gave up his pipe at "The Yoke and the Steeds,"
Went into his garden and pulled up the weeds,
Replanted the borders, made all things quite trim,
And his wife and his children exulted with him.

Should you pass by his cot on the side of the moor,
A sight of his garden will cheer you, I'm sure.
The rose from his neighbour had caused him to think;
And the way to success was his STOPPING THE DRINK.

JACK WILSON AND ROB.

JACK Wilson and Rob were two bouncers at brag,
They drank the moon down at the sign of "The Stag:"
Their pockets were empty, the landlord was sure,
And so he dismissed them, and bolted the door.

They rolled on together, still widening their track,
Now up to the hedges, now Rob against Jack,
Now Jack against Rob, and vowing the while
That their match was not found in the whole British Isle.

A cloud of deep darkness rose solemnly strong,
And then the great thunder went crashing along:
They fell on their knees 'mid the puddles and stones,
And roared till the echoes had answered their groans.

How they reached their own doors is a mystery quite:
Some say a strange being came out of the night.
But this is well known from the creek to the crag—
Jack Wilson and Rob were no more at "The Stag."

MARTHA MAYNINE.

"WHO lives in that house?" said a traveller to Will,
As they met by the oak on the side of the hill,
While the sun on the farm and the forest did shine,
"O, that is the dwelling of Martha Maynine."

He quickened his pace, and was soon by the stile,
When he paused on his hawthorn to listen awhile;
And a voice which he knew seemed to come on the breeze,
And then he went forth to the house by the trees.

He paced up the garden, he dashed through the door,
His bundle fell off on the newly-brushed floor,
He uttered no word, till his two arms entwine
The half-frightened form of his Martha Maynine.

The tankard was brought, with a hole in its edge,
Which he spoiled long ago when he first took the pledge;
And he filled it with gold he had earned in the mine,
Which he gave with a kiss to his Martha Maynine.

LITTLE MEG MAND.

OUT, on in the sleet-storm crept little Meg Mand,
And a rather small parcel she held in her hand;
'Twas her mother's last dress, who had sent her away
To pawn it for gin on that terrible day.

Her bonnet was gone, and her soft marriage-shawl,
The clock, and the pictures which hung on the wall,
Her husband's best suit, his watch, and his chain,
And even his buckles, his glasses, and cane.

He died brokenhearted when winter was wild,
With his hand in the palm of his sorrowful child:
And his last words were prayers for his little Meg Mand,
That Jesus would carry her over the land.

Her sad drunken mother more brutal became;
Meg prayed for her oft in the faggot's faint flame.
Now she waits for the bottle beside the last brand,
But she never again saw her little Meg Maud.

JEREMY JEER.

HE drove a fish-cart from the cove to the town;
His trousers were patched, and his jacket was brown,
And he oft had a very short pipe in his mouth,
Should pony be turned to the north or the south.

It was plain to be seen that Jeremy Jeer
Was too fond of brandy, was too fond of beer.
At the inns by the roadside he reined up his nag,
So scarcely a copper was kept in his bag.

And as he grew older with burdens and blows,
He carried a stick, and a very red nose;
And his wife cried the fish in a monotone clear,
As she walked by the cart of her Jeremy Jeer.

From his pipe and his glass he never would part,
Till he swallowed and smoked off his pony and cart.
Now his wife creeps away through the darkness severe
To the wards of the workhouse with Jeremy Jeer.

TIMOTHY TEEL.

IT was sad, very sad for Timothy Teel,
With his waistcoat so worn, and his hose out at heel,
And 'twas plain to the whole of the dwellers of Doo
That sorrow was tracking him all the way through.

He married his Maggie one midsummer day,
In his breeches of blue, and his jacket of grey;
But she rated him so with her terrible tongue,
That he wished his cake dough ere the the third moon was young.

The maid at the churn, and the man on the lea,
The bird in the bush, and the crow on the tree,
The ass at the thistle, the hog at his meal,
Seemed burdened with pity for Timothy Teel.

So she drove him to drink by the publican's log,
And vowed that her treatment was worse than a dog:
But had she omitted to squabble and squeal,
Her home would be happy with Timothy Teel.

ZEBEDEE ZOG.

"I NEVER go THERE," said Zebedee Zog.
The house bore the sign of "The Gamekeeper's Dog."
And he whistled and sang as he passed by the door,
And walked to his newly-built house on the moor.

His vision was keen, and his reason was clear,
And strong was his arm, though he never touched beer,
Or smoked a long pipe o'er his tumbler of grog,
In the house with the sign of "The Gamekeeper's Dog."

O, better be out in the darkness and sleet,
When the great winds are rolling along the cold street,
Or plying the oar in a motionless fog,
Than swallow large draughts at "The Gamekeeper's Dog."

No man ever rose to the magistrate's chair,
Unless he could say, "I never go THERE."
But loved his own household, like Zebedee Zog,
And kept quite away from "The Gamekeeper's Dog."

NANCY NACOO.

"LIST to the ocean," sighed Nancy Nacoo,
"The sound is like Philip when coming to woo,
The sound is like Philip when ploughing the mead,
The sound is like Philip when sowing the seed."

How happy they lived in their cot by the lane,
Before he was bound with the Giant's strong chain!
Then he wavered, and staggered, and ceased to be true
To the fireside allurements of Nancy Nacoo.

He drank with the landlord one keen frosty night,
When the snow was abroad, and the mountains were white;
And he fell from the cliff, as the stormy winds blew,
And a sorrowful widow was Nancy Nacoo.

Now oft in her doorway she mournfully stands,
With tears in her eyes, as she lifts up her hands,
Looking off and away on the wide waste of blue:
"O list to the ocean," sighs Nancy Nacoo.

DICKEY MILLS.

IN a cot on the common lived tall Dickey Mills.
His beard was as red as the heath on the hills,
And red were his whiskers, and red was his nose,
And red were his elbows that pierced through his clothes.

He took to the drink at the midsummer fair,
And Dickey went down with the speed of a hare:
From morning till night at the brandy and beer,
Nor parson nor layman could stop his career.

The pigs in the stye, the horse and the cow,
The calves in the stall, the harrow and plough,
The sheep in the pasture, the corn in the barn,
All vanished for drink, with his house on the carn.

The officer's cart has just stopped at his door,
To take him away to the place of the poor,
To abide like a wretch on a water-logged raft.
O, Dickey went down like a stone in a shaft.

ROBINSON RUE.

DING dong went the bells on the sweet Sabbath morn,
Ding dong over clover and cowslip and corn,
Ding dong in the alley, ding dong in the lane,
Ding dong where the rag-stuff is half of the pane.

How seemed the full echoes distinctly to say,
"The Sabbath is come: kneel, mortal, and pray!"
But Robinson Rue, with his dog at his heels,
And his pipe in his mouth, was roaming the fields.

He was clad in the garb which he wore at the tar,
And his head was still muddled with beer from the bar;
And he left his Sue home in their cot by the brook,
With tears in her eyes, and no dinner to cook.

Ding dong went the bells with a soul-stirring tone,
And he stopped on the road as if struck with a stone.
And the very next Sabbath he sat in a pew,
With a pledge in the pocket of Robinson Rue.

FREDDY AND RENARE.

"DRINK Freddy, drink Freddy," Bob Bowler began,
"And smoke my new pipe here—'twill make thee a man."
And he made him drink porter behind the inn door,
And smoke till his little boy fell on the floor.

And Freddy was born only five years ago:
What a sin for his father to train him up so!
But it made him so ill that he never drank more,
With Bobby, his father, behind the inn door.

From his bed near the roof on the Lord he would call;
And he learnt how to read from a card on the wall.
Though hungry and cold, little Freddy would share
His crust and his cup with his sister Renare.

And now he's a man, with a house of his own,
With daughters and sons who are handsomely grown,
With a coat on his back, a good hat on his head,
And is known by the name of "Teetotaller Fred."

And oft as he sits in the light of the fire,
His thoughts wander back to the days of his sire,
When he sighed in his sorrow, so thankful to share
His crust and his cup with his sister Renare.

ALVINA.

A LITTLE pale-face maiden
Crept through the driving sleet:
Her shoes were thin and tattered
And hole-full on her feet:
Her scanty clothing ragged,
The colours almost gone,
She was a drunkard's daughter:
O, pity such an one!

Early and late the mother
Performed a parent's part,
Until new boots were purchased,
To cheer Alvina's heart.
They fitted her so nicely,
And thick strong soles they had,
To check both wind and water:
Alvina felt so glad!

She hastened to her father,
Joy beaming in her eye;
"See, see what mother bought me,
To keep me warm and dry!
Are they not pretty, father?"
The strange brute howled and swore,
And bade her give them to him:
She never wore them more.

He snatched them from Alvina,
With growls we dare not name,
Then hurried to the pawnshop,
With eyes and heart a-flame;

Then to the poison-palace,
  Where draughts of misery foam;
Then with the stars and midnight
  Drunk to his ruined home.

Next day her old shoes, tattered,
  Were worn to earn her bread:
She came home wet and weary;
  In three days she was dead.
A cold, with inflammation,
  Had hurried her away.
And now she is a cherub
  Where living waters play.

How are the mighty fallen!
  How are the weak beguiled!
How strong drink robs the father
  Of love for wife or child;
Shattering domestic concord,
  As if by furies hurled,
In a destroying tempest,
  Across the wailing world.

OLD ROBIN.

OLD Robin was a woodman strong
As ever felled an oak,
And not a trunk in all the woods
Could stand his sturdy stroke.
'Twas wondrous how the chips would fly.
E'en from the hardest tree.
As oft he answered echo back,
"Peace is the text for me.

"Peace in the hut, peace in the hall,
Peace in the field and fold,
Peace where the great ships come and go,
And merchants strive for gold.
Peace at the firesides of the land,
Where infant ringlets nod,
And prayers ascend from mothers' knees,
Peace in the Church of God.

"Peace in the humblest cot of reed,
Peace in the mansion strong,
Peace where the rustling royal robes
Through gay halls sweep along.
Peace on the barque-deck fore and aft,
In every factory's bound,
As far as light and love can reach,
Or living man is found.

"The solemn heavens distinctly teach
That war and waste are wrong;
The moon and stars in harmony
For ever roll along:
And though the lightnings cleave the air,
And thunders roar above,
They are His messengers of grace,
All winged with heavenly love.

"The green leaves whispering in the wood,
The soft winds, summer-shod,
The river in its winding course,
Proclaim the truth of God:—
That slaughter is the sap of sin,
From death's forbidden tree,
Which none pursue who follow Christ.
Peace is the text for me."

BESS BLEW.

"THERE'S a man at the door," said little Bess Blew,
"He's lame, and disfigured, and looking for you;
He would not come in. Go, mother, and see;
I wonder whoever the stranger can be?"

She stood by the dresser, and thought of the time
When her father went off in the flush of his prime,
With a sword by his side, and a gun in his hand,
To follow the army, and fight with his band.

They promised him much in the way of renown.—
A mantle of glory, and stars in his crown:
But she could not believe very much they had said,
And she wondered sometimes if her father were dead.

Strange sounds meet her ears with a sudden surprise:
There's hugging and kissing and wiping of eyes:
And soon to the neck of her father she flew.
For he had no arms to lift little Bess Blew.

EUGENE.

A MIST on the mountain, a wail on the air,
A thunder of cannon—the war-bird is there,
Where the best blood of Valour is spilt on the plain,
And his terrible death-wings flap over the slain.

Dead under a tree, with his face to the sky,
And a hole in his side, a tall warrior doth lie:
A sword in his right hand points down to his feet,
His left holds a letter with blood on the sheet.

"Dear father, come home: we are longing for you,
And baby is crying, and mother is too.
I wish they would stop the great killing-machine,
And then you would run to your little Eugene."

Just under the earth, where the long grasses bowed,
They covered him o'er without coffin or shroud.
And though she still watches from morning till e'en,
He never comes back to his little Eugene.

TAMSON TURNEAT.

SHE closed the barn-door, and down the descent,
With fodder for Molly, she carefully went,
When a man she espied by the low milking-seat,
And he earnestly gazed upon Tamson Turneat.

His hat was the poorest, his coat was in rags,
His flip-flapping trousers were nothing but jags;
Yet there he stood looking, which raised her alarms,
So that the straw-bundle half-fell from her arms.

He stripped off a bandage which covered his jaw—
"'Tis Tommy! 'tis Tommy!" and down went the straw:
And she rushed to her lover through slush and through
sleet,
And soon he was kissing his Tamson Turneat.

But one of his legs had been lost in the fight,
And his right hand was shattered when storming a height,
And although they married, as it was most meet,
She spun all her lifetime, poor Tamson Turneat.

WIDOW WANEASE.

"THERE'S one light a-burning beneath the tall tree,
And that is my mother awaiting for me:
If my leg were not gone I would run to the
door,
And in less than a minute would kiss her once more.

"My crutch keeps me back, though I will not despair,
For soon in much weakness her boy will be there;
But altered, how altered, by bullet and brand,
Since she led her own Jamie to church by the hand.

"I'll peep through the window. O what do I see?
My mother is kneeling and praying for me!
Now knock with my stump. "Come in, if you please."
"Is this, ma'am, the dwelling of Widow Wanease?"

She gazed on her Jamie, came near, and more near,
Then fell on his shoulder, and sobbed in his ear,
Brought forth her white loaf, her bacon and cheese:
And still he's dependant on Widow Wanease.

TRUE GREATNESS.

TRUE greatness lieth not in lands,
Or castles by the sea,
In merchant ships that plough the waves,
Or birth or pedigree.
Its wealth is nobleness of soul,
In every time and place,
Where mercy strives to mitigate
The evils of our race.

The man who feeds his brother-man,
And dares not let him die,
Enjoys a manliness of mind
That riches cannot buy.
And he who heals another's smart,
Or be he Dick or Dan,
In frock of frieze, or cloth of gold,
Is king among his clan.

The highest end of human life
Is to obey His will,
Increase the sum of happiness,
And lessen earthly ill.
And he enhances this world's joys
Who spreads the cottage board
With milk and honey from the wild,
And strives to change the sword.

O, truthful tongues shall bless his name,
In city-court and glade,
Who labours to restore the wreck
That wasting woe hath made.
And higher than the warrior's dower,
Though he rich realms may win,
Is his who in the strength of God
Shall turn a soul from sin.

SAMMY SAROUL.

"WHOSE hand is in mine?" said Sammy Saroul.
He had been to the wars when the fighting was foul,
Where thicken the slaughter confusion and cries,
And the blaze of the battle had blinded his eyes.

"Whose hand is in mine?" said the soldier again;
For the other was left with the sword-smitten slain,
Where foeman and friend in one sepulchre lie.
With no mark but the rocks and the firmament high.

"Whose hand is in mine?" said the shattered hussar,
Whose hopes had gone down in the carnage afar,
When the earth with the gore of ten thousand was red,
And the shadow of glory evanished and fled.

"Whose hand is in mine?" said the war-wasted youth,
And he felt in a moment the kiss of his Ruth.
With a fife in his hand, and a scarf round his head,
She now leads her husband to play for their bread.

RELANDA.

"EAT your milk, Relanda,
Kneel you then and pray;
Mention loving father
Soldiering far away:
He has sent you kisses,
Filling half the sheet,
Calling you his 'birdie,'
Calling you his 'sweet.'"

In the hush of twilight
Knelt she by her bed;
But I cannot tell you
Half the words she said,

With her hands clasped tightly,—
"Save my father dear,
Bring him home, kind Saviour,
Now the flowers are here."

Then Relanda slumbered
Through the silent night,
While her soldier-father
Struggled in the fight,
Where he swiftly perished
In the fierce attack:
And their next epistle
Bore a seal of black.

PHILLIS FARROLD.

"WAIT patiently, Fanny," said Phillis Farrold,
As down went the sun in a splendour of gold.
And the sea, and the river, and pine-clump above,
And purple horizon were bathing in love.

"Wait patiently, Fanny." 'Twas easy to say:
But her clothes at that instant were dipped in the tray.
And these were her all: so she turned on her side,
To lie on the bed till her linen was dried.

Her father went off to the wars, it is said,
And Fanny had oft but a small piece of bread.
And where he was sabred no chronicler told,
But he never came back to his Phillis Farrold.

Who knows the hot anguish and terrible blight
Of Fanny whose father was killed in the fight!
Or the straits of the widow left cruelly cold,
Through the horrors of war, like Phillis Farrold.

JOE MARKS.

JOE Marks was a fisher, who lived by the bay,
He wore a sou'wester, and wetted his clay,
He had but one son, whose pet name was Bill,
And he went for a soldier to mangle and kill.

One soft summer day, when his corks were afloat,
Joe Marks saw a man coming out in a boat,
Who told him a stranger, with bundle and stick,
Was waiting to see him, and bade him be quick.

Joe turned the boat's prow, and rowed back to the shore:
And who should be there sitting down in his door,
With a gash in his forehead, and looking so ill,
And lacking an eye, but his own little Bill?

He nursed him till death took him over the ford,
Then placed in his coffin his scabbard and sword,
But he evermore talks of his little boy Bill,
And vows it is MURDER to shatter and kill.

WILL WAKE.

WILL Wake was not a man of books,
Although a little shrewd:
And his remarks were thought to be
Sometimes a trifle rude.
But wiser words no human lips
Than these of his let fall:—
'Tis better settle feuds by thought,
Than by the cannon ball.

'Tis better all the great globe round,
On continent and sea,
In desert vast, or lonely isle,
Where black or white may be,
To hang aloft the sword for show,
In cot or princely hall,
And settle human feuds by thought,
Than by the cannon ball.

"For feuds will rise while self remains
Within the human breast,
And proud ambition stirs the soul
With waves of wild unrest.
But still I know it must be so,
If force be great or small,
'Tis better settle feuds by thought,
Than by the cannon ball.

"If this were done, what lives were spared?
What festering wounds were healed?
What tracks made desolate and bare
Would milk and honey yield?
How would the song of plenty swell
By shed and city-wall?
'Tis better settle feuds by thought,
Than by the cannon ball.

I am but poor in this world's goods,
In horses, sheep, and kine;
No ships that sail upon the sea
From land to land are mine.
But love is better far than gold,
Which prompts my earnest call,
Tis better settle feuds by thought
Than by the cannon ball.

"My days are in the fading time,
When distant lights grow dim,
When unseen shapes are on the hills,
Or by the fountain's rim.
But while I live this truth I'll give,
In faith to one and all,—
Tis better settle feuds by thought,
Than by the cannon ball."

CAROLINE FYLE.

AGAIN to the door went Caroline Fyle,
And watched till the postman had passed by the stile,
Then slowly turned back where her faded weeds lay,
And sighed in her sorrow, "No letter to-day."

Her husband had sent an epistle from Spain,
And said he would shortly address her again;
But years had gone by, and no letter had come
From him who had followed the fife and the drum.

Yet still in her doorway she thoughtfully stood,
And watched till the postman passed into the wood,
And sighed as she saw him go over the stile,
"No letter to-day for Caroline Fyle!"

And so she went on till she stooped with decay,
Till her vision was dim, and her hair became grey:—
She stood in her doorway in sunshine and rain,
And watched till the postman had gone up the lane.

JEREMIAH HOAR.

WITH shirt-sleeves o'er his elbows tucked,
Strong Jeremiah Hoar
Brought the great flail, in rapid strokes,
Down on the wide barnfloor:
And as the grain was scattered round
The straw-strewn shed within,
He often spoke these words aloud,—
"War is the whelp of sin."

Down comes the flail on beard and butt,
Round flies the precious seed,
And higher than the thresher's head
Is tossed the rustling reed,

Great drops of sweat stand on his brow,
And trickle to his chin,
As with a trumpet voice he shouts,
"War is the whelp of sin."

His only daughter, Izaroph,
Became a soldier's bride;
And when he fell at the redoubt,
She broke her heart and died.
Then blame him not that thus he makes
The precious grain to spin,
And shouts amid his strong flail-strokes,
"War is the whelp of sin."

Who knows what pictures throng his brain,
As he stands toiling there?
The gathering hosts, the charge, the slain,
The shriek of wild despair;
A loving home, a loving life
Lost in the dreadful din!
And shouts he mid his strong flail-strokes,
"War is the whelp of sin."

No other words he rarely speaks
Beside the old barnfloor,
With shirt-sleeves o'er his elbows tucked,
Strong Jeremiah Hoar.
But still these earnest sounds arise
That straw-strewn shed within,
As he brings down the whirling flail,
"War is the whelp of sin."

UNCLE WILL.

SOMEHOW Uncle Will, who lived on the sands,
As he sat in his settle beside the red brands,
Would shake his grey locks when they told of the foe,
And say it was better to harrow and hoe.

He had but few words, as they talked by his side,
And 'twas rarely the old man would venture to chide:
But when they would brag of great cities laid low,
He'd tell them 'twas better to harrow and hoe.

If they spoke of the laurels the slayer would wear,
The blaze of the battle, the breath of despair,
The slaughter by bombshell, or bullet, or blow,
Twas better, he showed them, to harrow and hoe.

They might tell him of honour, and harvests of fame,
And smite on the table with noisy acclaim:
Not a peg from his point would Uncle Will go,
That twas better, much better, to harrow and hoe.

RAIL NOT.

'TWAS sinful when the world was rude,
And rough each prickly dale,
When the wild beasts, and wilder men
Roamed through the tangled vale,
To raise aloft the torch of war,
And brother brother slay,
In all the rage of ignorance;
But how much worse to-day?

The light of truth flames brightly now,
From Christian land to land,
And voices speak in wisdom's ear,
That love can understand.
From dingles deep, and hollows still,
And lofty heights they call,
"Rail not on him who rails on thee,
But bless and pray for all."

This utterance fell from His pure lips,
Who was of lowly birth,
When angels on the star-beams sang
Peace to the warring earth.

On, on it swells with silvery sound
Across this mighty ball;
"Rail not on him who rails on thee,
But bless and pray for all."

The statesman lists this sound to hear,
The mower in the mead,
The warrior with his sword unsheathed,
The Arab on his steed,
The mail-clad knight, whose vengeance longs
To see his foeman fall:
"Rail not on him who rails on thee,
But bless and pray for all."

O heed it, heed it, ye who raise
The fever of alarms,
And from your hiding-places cry,
"The foe! the foe! To arms."
This echo is the voice of God,
Alike to great and small,—
"Rail not on him who rails on thee,
But bless and pray for all."

THE SOLDIER'S HOUSEHOLD.

"WE will go together
To the Union gate,
Then we part asunder,
Each one to his fate.
In the cell of shadows,
In the ward of gloom;
And our next removal
Is the lonely tomb.

"If disputes were settled
In a wiser way,
We should have our cottage,
And our farm to-day.

But your father entered,
Armed, and fought, and fell;
And we have no refuge,
Save the Union cell!

"But our God is with us,
He will hear our prayer
In the Union darkness;
We will seek Him there."
Then they kissed each other
O'er and o'er again.
When will men be wiser?
When will will mercy reign?

FLETCHER JACKSON.

A SOUND came through the open door,
Where Fletcher Jackson lay
A cripple on his own poor bed,
With one foot torn away.
Beside him sat his sickly wife,
Sewing a garment's hem,
And Charlie played upon the floor,
And sometimes spoke to them.

The soldier glanced across the room
With an unsteady gaze,
As if he saw grim shapes of gloom
Within the battle's haze:
And then a tear stole from his eye,
His one hand wiped away,
As he beheld, at the bed's foot,
His little boy at play.

Slowly he spoke, as if in pain,
Or crushed with cruel weight;
"Yes, wife, I see it more and more:
The ills of life are great.

And wrongs will rise to be redressed,
And strife will strife assail;
But why still strive to settle it
With swords and iron hail?

"As I lay bleeding on the field,
Methought an angel came:—
A crown of gold was on his head,
His wings were tipped with flame,—
And whispered as he floated by,
'Let love and truth prevail:
Ye cannot settle human wrongs
With swords and iron hail.'

"The kingdom of the Blessed One
Is hastening on, dear wife,
When pikes shall turn to pruning-hooks,
And peace shall vanquish strife.
Then ransomed man shall slay no more,
Nor swell the widow's wail,
All impotent to settle wrongs
With swords and iron hail."

TOMMY TURNOO.

HIGH up in the ladder he shaved off the reed,
From the roof of a cottage that stood in the mead;
And how trimly the eaves o'er the windows were done!
And his knife how it glittered and gleamed in the sun!

A healthy old thatcher was Tommy Turnoo.
He'd eat up a pasty as long as your shoe;
But he never drank beer in the cold or the heat,
And whispered that war was a very great cheat.

If kings breed the quarrels, then it was but right
That kings should go forth in the front of the fight,
And not force the poor man away from his wife,
To be shot in the struggle, and slain in the strife.

Thus argued the thatcher, old Tommy Turnoo,
And the dullest and darkest can see it is true,
As he shaved off the reed in the cold and the heat,
Protesting that war was a very great cheat.

JOHNNY RAY.

THROUGH the fields came Johnny Ray,
And a cot beside him lay,
Just a few yards on the moor.
With a maiden before the door.

He was bruised and battered so,
That his pace was very slow,
Yet he longed almost to fly
To kiss his Corrie, so very nigh.

She saw him coming near the house,
And ran as softly as a mouse,
And met her Johnny on the lea,
And kissed him where the daisies be.

True love is strongest in distress,
And Corrie did not love him less
Because one hand behind him lay,
And war had wrecked her Johnny Ray.

They were married in early spring,
When the cuckoo began to sing,
When the lambs began to play,
And still she sews for Johnny Ray.

IF MEN WERE WISE.

IF men were wise, they'd sow the land,
And seek the earth's increase,
Destroy the instruments of war,
And follow after Peace.
Whose home is where the vine-leaves spread
Around the pastoral walls,
And lowing herds adorn the fields,
And oxen fill the stalls.

If men were wise, the bristling forts
Would lie in endless rest,
And not a cannon more be turned
Against the human breast:
Corn-ears would wave along the tracks,
Which sentinels now tread,
And flowers and fullest fruit-trees wave
Upon the rampart's head.

If men were wise, they'd ope their ears
To God's eternal lore,
And gladly cease to fight, nor learn
The art of war no more.
The metal would not form the gun
Beneath the moulder's hand,
Nor would the workman swell the stores
Of bullet or of brand.

If men were wise, the olive-leaf
Would show the gentle dove,
And every altered battle-ship
Be fraught with stores of love.
The wreck and waste and carnage foul,
The huge disasters dire,
From scorching flame and crashing steel,
Would utterly expire.

If men were wise, no martial blade
In soldier-hand would gleam,
But Peace would carol in her bower
By lake and gentle stream:
The flowers of Paradise would bloom
In every earthly home,
And trees of righteousness abound.
O God! when will it come?

WINIFRED DATE.

"I CAN'T see very well," said Winifred Date.
"But is there not somebody down by the gate?
I am thinking of Freddy from morning till night,
Since my boy has gone off to the terrible fight.

"He was ploughing the field with the pony and mare,
When the sound of the bugle was heard on the air,
And he donned the red coat to follow the chief,
And scarce stopped to kiss me, the time was so brief.

"I can't stay the tears from wetting my cheeks,
And my hair has turned grey in a very few weeks;
The task is too tedious to travel upright,
And old age has come on like a thief in the night.

"All this is the issue of parting with Fred,
And I think very often my boy must be dead.
But I wonder who that is down there by the gate?"
And soon there were kisses for Winifred Date.

WILLIE AND EMMA.

ABOVE them rang the sky-lark's song,
Afar the huntsman's horn,
Beneath them shone the flowers of June,
Around them waved the corn.
Love filled their young lives to the brim
With purest earthly bliss,
As by the wooden stile they stopped
To give the farewell kiss.

A blackbird from the neighbouring hedge
Sang snatches for the twain,
And squirrels climbed the leafy trees,
Then sought their nest again.
White sea-birds soared from creek to creek,
O'er ocean's blue abyss,
As by the wooden stile they stopped
To give the farewell kiss.

And then they parted, where the brook
Runs clearest through the grass,
With many a love-conveying look,
Ere out of sight they pass:
She to her widowed mother's house,
Within the vale hard by,
To watch the ewes, and tend the cows;
He to the wars to die.

A letter from a comrade's pen
Showed her how Willie died,
With Emma's name upon his lips,
Her picture by his side.
And spoke he as his spirit hung
Between that world and this,
How by the wooden stile they stopped
To give the farewell kiss.

ANNA POPE.

THE postman walked to Anna's house,
Just when the war was o'er;
She saw him coming up the lane,
And hastened to her door.
He placed the letter in her hand,
Whether for woe or weal;
She turned it round, and round again,
But dared not break the seal.

It seemed to her as if it spoke
With a peculiar smart;
And something like a dagger cut
Its way to Anna's heart.
And when they read the sheet at last,
It gave them keenest pain
To know her faithful Robert lay
Among the silent slain.

She shrieked not, swooned not, shed no tear,
She breathed no words of prayer,
Or wrung her hands, or smote her breast,
Or wildly tore her hair:
But with a look that seldom comes
Into the human face,
She stood before them motionless,
And gazed on empty space.

And still those lines are on her brow.
No kindness can efface.
That mystery dazzles in her eye,
That look is on her face.
And though long years have passed away,
Her features have not stirred
From the dread blank of nothingness,
Nor does she speak a word.

O cruel War, what hast thou done!
What dost thou do to-day!
How many ills for ever crowd
Thy sterile sin-stained way!
O when will kings and counsellors
Obey the written Word,
And hurl the blades of death away,
And bow before the Lord!

PETER METHERWELL.

"I'LL be gone to the town." Peter Metherwell said,
"Perhaps I shall hear something more of our Ned.
His spade in the meadow is sticking up yet,
And the row of potatoes is only half-set.

"If they settled disputes without cannon and ball,
The gathering of armies, the trumpeter's call,
The plunging of blades, and the hurling of lead,
I should not be off now in search of our Ned.

What are oxen, or asses, or sheep on the moor,
The cow at the milk-pail, the vine at the door;
The horse, and the heifer, so sleek and well fed,
Or the gold in the coffer, compared with our Ned?

"I would rather have him than the love of the squire,
Or houses, or lands, or the grandest attire.
But away to the wars he has hurriedly sped,
And no one can tell me the fate of our Ned."

JONATHAN BLOCK.

ON the broad railway platform stood Jonathan Block,
With a face full of sadness, awaiting his Jock,
Who had followed the ranks in a closing campaign.
And twice was he wounded when hundreds were slain.

He had waited, and waited, with trembling and tears,
But no letter had come to allay his sad fears:
And suspense was augmented, as months slipped away,
And his eyes became dim, and his hair became grey.

But now a short sheet was at hand to explain
That they might expect him to-morrow by train:
And so in excitement stood Jonathan Block
On the broad railway platform to welcome his Jock.

With a puff and a whistle the train reached the place,
And out leaped a youth with his limbs in their place;
But a scar on his left cheek told Jonathan Block
How closely death's shadow had fallen on Jock.

FANNY AND FREDDY.

THE day was the darkest November had seen,
And a fog hid the sky and the church on the green.
When Fanny sat down to her dinner of fish,
And a few small potatoes served up in a dish.

There were tears in her eyes, there were tears on her face,
As she thanked the dear Lord, sitting still in her place.
When a rap on the door made her lift up her head,
And her Freddy stood there in a jacket of red.

He sat on a chair with a ricketty back:
"O, mother," said he, "where's the cheese on the rack,
The clock on the wall with the moon half in sight,
And the platters of pewter you polished so bright?"

And a sigh from the widow rose higher and higher,
As the wind half-extinguished her handful of fire,
"O Freddy, my Freddy, I pawned them for bread,
While you have been wearing your jacket of red."

The tears filled his eyes when he saw her so thin,
And he cowered in a corner and wept for his sin,—
To leave his old mother half-clothed and half-fed,
To strut through the land in a jacket of red.

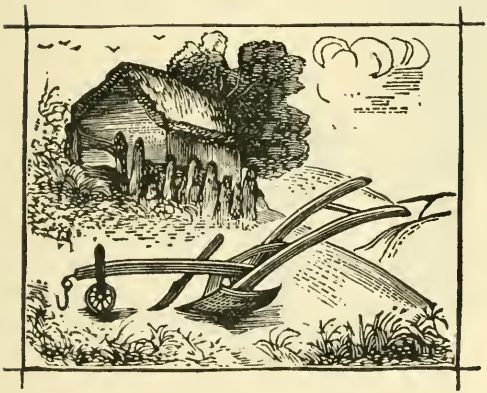
THE SOLDIER'S FATHER.

"HAND me my glasses, Ellen,
You'll find them on the shelf,
And please take down my Bible,
I'll read the words myself
That God says to His people
When enemies are nigh,
When rocks are in our pathway,
And darkness fills the sky.

"'Though flames shall crackle round thee,
And waters thunder wild,
Thou shalt pass through in safety.
For God is with His child.
He comes in desolation,
To be thy loving Guest;
And the bright star of promise
Shall guide thee to His rest.'

"Yes, I believe it, Ellen,
And this gives joy in woe:
The angry tumult lessens,
The rills of hope reflow.
His word shall never perish:
I'll stay me on my God,
And rest upon His promise,
As I do on my rod."

That night an earnest knocking
Was heard upon the door;
That night a wounded soldier
Was placed upon the floor.
And when the blackthorn budded
Among the moorland reed,
He sang his pastoral carols,
And ploughed his father's mead.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

ANTHONY BURR.

ALL day he had ridden through long lanes and rough,
By clear valley-streamlet and storm-beaten bluff;
And now, with the reed of his cottage in view,
He whistled a tune which from boyhood he knew.

He flourished no whip, and he sported no spur,
Nor twitched at the bridle, did Anthony Burr;
But whistled and sang, never striking a blow,
"Tis kindness, tis kindness that makes my horse go."

By castle and carn, in his homeward career,
On, on went the horse with a chirp and a cheer,
While Anthony sang by the blossoming sloe,
"Tis kindness, tis kindness that makes my horse go."

And so it is ever with Anthony Burr,
Who useth no whip, and who sporteth no spur,
In summer, in winter, in sunshine, or snow,
Tis kindness, tis kindness that makes his horse go.

MOLLY, THE COCKLE SELLER.

THE night was quite dark, and the hedges were high,
The long lanes were famous for turning awry,
Nor could she make out, as she trudged by his side,
The hedges or ditches or Neddy's sleek hide.

She had been to the market with cockles to sell,
And Molly had traded remarkably well;
She had bread in her panniers, with other good stuff,
And, carefully folded, her packet of snuff.

But to find her way further 'twas vain, it was vain!
And she told Neddy so as she grasped at the rein,
And bade him go carefully homeward at will,
And walked by his side over valley and hill.

And soon she stood up by the gate of the yard,
Which in less than a moment she gladly unbarred:
And Molly declared, as she gave him his grass,
No Neddy her Neddy could ever surpass.

ROBINSON GRAY.

"TRY gentleness, Adam," said Robinson Gray,
As his pony he whipped in an over-crammed dray;
"Try gentleness, Adam: tis stronger than kicks,
Or jerks at the bridle, or whip-cord, or sticks.

"I have heard my old granny, now gone to her rest,
Say how it has softened the savage's breast,
And conquered the lion on each side the line:
Try gentleness, Adam; its power is Divine.

"Try gentleness, Adam; tis better than scowls,
Or roaring, or rating, or ravenous growls;
These come from beneath, that comes from above:
Try gentleness, Adam, the essence of love."

And Adam obeyed his sage neighbour's advice,
Patted pony's sleek neck, and was home in a trice.
And having discovered this secret of power,
He never used whip-cord from that very hour.

A MAN I KNEW.*

HE wore no chains, or diamond rings,
Or ornaments of gold;
No vestments of superior make
His manly form enfold:
And yet his soul was like a star
In heaven's blue fields apart;
And love for man and bird and beast
Filled up his tender heart.

He lived among the ferns and moss,
The laurel, box, and pine,
Where limpid rills went murmuring on
In many a silvery line;
And rose-trees budded all the year,
And honeysuckles spread,
And mystic idyls filled the firs
And elm-boughs overhead.

The wanderer never called in vain,
Who with his scrip did roam;
And peer and peasant sat within
His hospitable home.

The cony scarcely turned aside
To hear his quiet pace,
And the brown hare rose lazily
And slowly left its place.

But chief he loved the woodland birds,
Which sought him at his beck,
Perched on his shoulder as he walked,
And fluttered to his neck.
The robin left his mossy nest
Beneath the bursting hips,
And picked, with trusting shining eyes,
The bread-crumbs from his lips.

They followed him from tree to tree,
Where'er his footsteps led,
They hopped around his quiet rooms,
They perched upon his bed.
Through door and window in they came,
From morn till evening's close,
Allured by human tenderness,
And sang him to repose.

If he sat reading in his chair,
They came with knowing look,
And chirped their welcomes at his feet,
Or hopped around his book.
And so I praise his conquests more
Than if a host he slew,
And know his love was linked with heaven—
The gentle man I knew.

* *Joshua Fox, Esq., Tregedna.*

ABSALOM WAIT.

"WILL nobody own thee," said Absalom Wait
To a poor limping watch-dog just outside the gate,
All matted with mud from his paws to his crown,
With his eyelids and ears and his tail hanging down.

And he looked like a dog, as the north wind blew bleak,
Who had scarcely a bone or a meal for a week.
So he patted him kindly, with musical tone,
And gave him his supper, and made him his own.

And how fond grew the watch-dog of Absalom Wait!
He would lie at his feet by the side of the grate,
He would follow his eye, would obey his command,
And was up on his legs at the beck of his hand.

He once lost his way in the midst of the moor:
His dog led him home to the step of his door.
True kindness will ever true kindness create,
And the dog saved the life of Absalom Wait.

ALICE WAYMONT.

DO you know Alice Waymont who lives up the glen?
She keeps a pet goat in a very small pen,
Which follows the spinster to market and shop,
Well-pleased at the corners the herbage to crop.

It will run at her call with a bound and a bleat,
And when she is knitting will lie at her feet;
And seems very happy to have her in sight,
And will oft at the door lick her hand with delight.

Twas given to Alice a kid on the carn,
For its mother had died through the fall of a barn:
So she nursed it with care at the head of the creek,
And now she is milking it all through the week.

How lovely is kindness in whatever clan,
In the beasts of the field or the bosom of man;
How it glows with the beauty of angels above,
And links the great world in a cable of love!

WATTY ALLUM.

"STIE here on my jacket," said Watty Allum,
"And move not a peg from the place till I come."
And down on the sea-sand his faithful dog lay,
While he cut the bulrushes farther away.

The noontide came swiftly, his work filled his brain,
The great waves rolled nearer, and nearer again:
The dog was forgotten mid bundles and blows,
Although the great sea-water rumbled and rose.

A bark smote his ear as he fastened the band;
And there was his dog by his coat on the sand,
With the sea all around, which no barrier could check,
And the water already was up to his neck.

He spoke—and his dog was again at his side,
And his jacket soon followed, borne in by the tide:
But had he not called from a rock on the coast,
His faithful old dog would have died at his post.

NELL MOSS.

SHE sat by the door 'neath the sycamore tree,
And the kitten was lying asleep on her knee.
They grew up together in loving delight,
And she fed her each morning, and screened her at night.

How kind was Nell Moss to her dear little cat!
She would give her her milk at the end of the mat,
And charge her in no wise to injure the bird,
And tell her such stories as never were heard.

Puss placed her soft paws in Nell's fat little hand,
Or played with the reel as it rolled from the stand;
She would follow her out, and follow her in,
With grass for the cattle, or grain from the bin.

When years had passed by on this changeable earth,
And another bright Nell was the gem of her hearth,
The same law of kindness was taught on her knee
Which the kitten had felt neath the sycamore tree.

ZEB KNIGHT.

THE storm reached its highest—a ship was ashore :
Some said it had never blown wilder before ;
The foam was whirled over the highest sea-bank,
As a dog came to land on the end of a plank.

Zeb Knight took him home to his house on the steep—
For his master and mates were gone down in the deep—
And he fed him and petted him to the month's end,
And the dog seemed to know what he owed to his friend.

Then Zeb Knight fell ill, when the frost was so keen,
And the snow lay in drifts on the common and green,
And his food was all gone from the cupboard and crock,
And no one came near to his house on the rock.

But the dog brought him bread without sign or request,
And licked his thin hand, and lay down on his breast.
But no one can tell where he gained such a stock
As to save from starvation Zeb Knight on the rock.

WEATHERSTON SAGE.

ON a nail in a wall hung a lark in a cage,
Which was owned by a man named Weatherston Sage,
A book-loving biped, a cobbler by trade,
Who lived mid his lasts with his one little maid.

'Twas late in the autumn, and stormy, with sleet,
When the lark through the window flew in at his feet.
Though wounded, he fed it until it grew strong
And sweetly repaid him with warble and song.

As he sat on his stool of hard forest-pine,
It sang o'er his head to the rush of his twine;
And the fields and the flowers and the clear waterfalls
Were with him again mid his lapstone and awls.

And oft he mused thus with his motherless dove,—
"God sent me the lark as a token of love.
The earth is the Lord's, with what'er it contains,
And kindness returns with large measure of gains."

KITTY COPE.

"THESE leaves are your own, my pet Crumple, my queen!
I have saved them for you in a pan by the screen.
Kitty Cope used to throw them away on the heap,
And she told me your yield was not worthy the keep.

"She never talked to you as I do, I'm sure,
And gave you the tub by your own outhouse door,
And stroked down your sides with her own loving hand,
While your cud you were chewing, just as you now stand?

"You are the best Crumple that ever had horns;
And what a sleek neck your plump body adorns!
Kitty Cope never cared for your aspect forlorn:
Now my pail you half-fill every eve by the thorn.

"This comes of my kindness—I say it myself.
And now you shall have the small plot to yourself,
Where the clover is fresh, and the grasses are sweet,
And a clear running brooklet is close to your feet."

WILLEY AND THE WHIP.

IN the hill stood the horse with a cartfull of slate.
And he panted to pull such a very huge weight.
"Whip him up," said a man with a shining high hat:
"O no, sir," cried Willey, "I never do that."

So he patted his sides, and stroked down his mane,
And talked in his ears in a confident strain,
Put his arm round the neck of his hard-working steed,
Then gave him an apple, and bade him proceed.

Could you look in the eye of that horse on the road,
As his apple he munched neath the over-filled load,
You would see such a glow of delight in his face
As should teach the whip-wielder a lesson of grace.

With a chirp he went on up the toilsome ascent,
And his hoofs cut a mark in the road as he went,
And the summit was reached without stumble or slip.
Hurrah for the driver who wields not a whip!

DAVID HARLOW.

"BANG, bang go the guns at the head of the moor!
The Maker of all things is angry, I'm sure,
When men to a practice so sinful resort
As to shoot, in sheer recklessness, pigeons for sport.

"See, Luntow, there's one rolling on through the air,
And 'tis coming this way by the firs over there.
Poor thing! it is wounded severely, I see."
And it fluttered and fell by the mulberry tree.

Then they went through the gateway, and David Harlow
Put the bird in the hand of his daughter Luntow.
Its eyelids were closed, though its heart fluttered still,
And blood stained its feathers and beautiful bill.

And though it revived and would hop to the door,
It never could fly through the air any more.
And David averred at his plough and his hook,
That this cruelty God would record in His book.

GOD MADE THE BIRDS.

THE green hayfields waved in the breezes of June,
And the cuckoo had paused in the midst of his tune,
When a boy softly sang, where the beacon was rude,
"Twas God made the birds and the beautiful brood.

"I saw them to-day at the foot of the tree,
And by their sweet chirpings they murmured to me,
As I mused by the moss in delectable mood,
'Twas God made the birds and the beautiful brood.'

"I gladly obey the true voice in my breast:
I would not, I could not, take young from the nest,
Or eggs with the love-lines of beauty imbued,
For God made the birds and the beautiful brood.

"A nest in the bushes, or by the field sod,
Is enough to convince me that there is a God.
He speaks to my heart where no footsteps intrude,
That God made the birds and the beautiful brood.

"What sorrow it causes the nest to destroy!
And I'll never give pain whilst I can give joy.
He provides me with clothes and provides me with food,
And 'twas God made the birds and the beautiful brood."

EBENEZER BEET.

BESIDE a pine-clump in the glen
Lived Ebenezer Beet,
And on a stool his little boy
Sat often at his feet:
And he would tell him wondrous tales,
How men have victories gained
By deeds of gentleness and truth,
From selfishness unstained.

He warned him ever to obey
The monitor within,
And with swift feet to turn away
From the approach of sin:
Nor ever wantonly destroy
The worm that crawleth by,
Howe'er ungainly it may seem,
Nor kill the smallest fly.

He said, true kindness filled her urn
With nectar from the stars,
Which would assuage the flames of hate,
Or melt the prison-bars,
And fructify the barren earth,
With freshest greeness clad,
Roll rivers through the wilderness,
And make the desert glad.

From land to land, from pole to pole,
In earth and heaven above,
With all created living things,
The strongest power is LOVE.
It breaks the heart of adamant,
Where lurid vengeance lowers;
It turns the darkness into day,
And fills the world with flowers.

Throughout the universe of God,
This principle benign,
Is stronger than the strong man armed—
True charity Divine.

And when its mission is complete
Between that world and this,
The purchase of the Holy One,
The earth shall bathe in bliss.

No wonder that the boy grew up
Where Peace her anthem sings,
And felt his soul replete with love
For all created things.
And up the hills and down the vales,
And o'er the emerald mead,
And through the city of the sea,
His words of sweetness speed.

FRANCISCO AND MAX.

FRANCISCO was a lame old man,
Grey-haired and nearly blind,
And in a city attic he
With illness was confined.
His hoard was gone, his cupboard bare,
And yet he ne'er repined.

He used to walk the busy streets,
With doggy at his side,
Who danced, and begged, and walked upright,
With other tricks beside,
Which did for them abundantly
In their lone home provide.

For weeks Franciso had been ill,
And everything was spent.
Then Max grew hungry in his room,
Among the shavings pent,
And so without a single whine
Forth in the crowd he went.

He held the basket in his mouth,
  He stood upon one leg,
He danced, he jumped, and then went round
  Among the folks to beg,
And turned his wandering, winning eyes
  On many a Mat and Meg.

Few could resist his pleading look.
  The coin fell in his can;
And then, held firmly in his teeth
  In triumph off he ran,
Mounted the stairs, and laid it down
  Before the starving man.

So out he went day after day,
  Where all was toil and strife,
And held his little begging-can
  To wondering maid and wife.
Thus Max, the little poodle dog,
  Saved old Francisco's life.

ROSALINE VINE.

"NO lamb is like mine! no lamb is like mine!"
In the midst of the moorland sang Rosaline Vine,
A girl just as brown as the brake of the hill,
With eyes like the lakelet when summer is still.

"Its fleece is as white as the snow on the steep,
And tis quiet as baby when cradled asleep;
And in its soft eyes what strange mysteries shine!
O no! I am certain no lamb is like mine.

"How it plays mid the daisies and buttercups dear,
And runs to my call when the twilight is near,
And on the far mountains the sun-rays decline!
O no! I am certain no lamb is like mine.

"It feeds from my hand, and never is cross,
And follows me down to the well in the moss,
Where my aunt has oft told me the fairies recline:
O no! I am certain no lamb is like mine.

"It came in the snow-storm that rolled up the moor,
And I found it next morning beside our own door:
So I fed it with milk, fearing much it would pine,
And now I am certain no lamb is like mine.

"All comes from the Lord: and thankful I am
Because He has sent me my beautiful lamb,
For whose snowy white neck a garland I twine,
And I'm surer than ever no lamb is like mine."

EZEKIEL WARD.

A MAN he was of fewer words
Than most of his compeers,
And much he loved the mountain streams
And solitary meres.

The lark's song ringing o'er the mead,
The beetle's homeward hum,
And the sweet murmurs of the vale
When the first stars were come.

But when he sat beside his hearth,
With sons and daughters round,
Or mused along the quiet vale,
Or walked the higher ground,
He softly murmured to himself,
Where'er his footsteps strayed,
"I have a sympathy with all
The creatures God has made."

He talked with flies, and birds, and bees,
When summer heats o'erpower,
And brought the lone forsaken bird,
And lambkin to his bower;
And sang, while robins picked the crumbs,
And round the porchway played,
"I have a sympathy with all
The creatures God has made."

The swallows dropped to brush the flowers
Along the path he trod,
And the grasshopper at his side
Chirped in the mossy sod:
The fishes seemed to love his words,
Nor were of him afraid,—
"I have a sympathy with all
The creatures God has made."

Nor ceased he, though the thunders spoke
Along the solemn sky,
And the great rains came rushing down
On parched plains, summer-dry;
Or sunshine filled her golden urn,
In glen and leafy glade,—
"I have a sympathy with all
The creatures God has made."

If hate were less, and love were more,
Nor charity so strange;
If men were like Ezekiel Ward,
How soon the earth would change,
And flowers of hope perfume the land,
That nevermore should fade,
With holy fragrancy for all
The creatures God has made!

THE CHILD OF ROO.

I FROM my casement leant,
To mark the starlings wheel above the mere,
When a child's voice, as from the firmament,
Fell on my listening ear:

"How beautiful is all
Our Heavenly Father hath in mercy made,
The birds, the insects, fishes great and small,
The trees in buds arrayed:

"The distant sky, the sea
Where go the ships till out of sight of land,
As often I and sister Rosalie
Are playing on the sand:

"My kitten, doggy dear,
The careful barn-hen and her pretty brood!
I often watch them from the yard-steps near
Pick up the scattered food.

"And when the daylight dies,
And the great sun sinks on his golden throne,
My mother, with the clear drops in her eyes,
Says we must love God's own.

"And so I love the birds,
The smallest insects by the leafy tree,
The butterflies, the grazing flocks and herds;
For God has bidden me."

Thus sang the Child of Roo,
When the far hills began to disappear,
And the first starlings, as they woodward flew,
Wheeled o'er the silent mere.

HAL HAWFER.

THE noon was hot, the roads were dry,
Hal Hawfer gained the mill,
Alighted from his own good nag,
And let him drink his fill.
And as the wavelets washed the reeds,
His words in strength increased,
"The man, who mostly mercy finds,
Extends it to his beast."

On, on he rode o'er hill and dale,
The birds around him flew;
He gave his horse a clover-feed
Beside a door he knew,
And stroked him down, and patted him,
Still murmuring like a priest,
"The man, who mostly mercy finds,
Extends it to his beast."

One hill was steeper than the rest:
Hal bade his pony stop,
Got off, and led him all the way
Until he reached the top,
Then shouted, as green cornfields waved
Both in the west and east,
"The man, who mostly mercy finds,
Extends it to his beast."

And quicker were his journeys done,
His nag would faster trip,
Than his who wielded cruelly
A cudgel or a whip.

Sweet music murmured in his words.
Whose import never ceased,
"The man, who mostly mercy finds,
Extends it to his beast."

Hal Hawfer wore a pleasant look,
As he went humming by;
And Hawfer's horse has caught his joy,
The sparkle of his eye.
Let this truth bound in blasts of sound
From wakening west to east,
"The man, who mostly mercy finds,
Extends it to his beast."

EXODUS VANE.

ON a log by the spring in a Devonshire lane,
With a cur by his side, sat Exodus Vane;
And forlornly he looked in that fay-haunted place,
A boy of twelve summers with grief on his face.

His father was dead, and his mother was ill:
She lived in a cot by the side of the rill.
He had passed the long day in hunger and pain,
With few looks of pity for Exodus Vane.

A piece of stale bread was his meal on the log,
The half of which Exodus gave to his dog;
And the face of the cur with true gratitude beamed,
And his eye with the sunlight of thankfulness gleamed.

God opened the heart of the boy on the log
To share his last crust with the famishing dog.
And I solemnly ask whether Exodus Vane
Was not serving the Lord in the Devonshire lane?

JOB TREWILTON.

THROUGH the old trees around the house
The wind roared more and more,
When in the darkness and the sleet
A knock was on the door:
And Job Trewilton opened it,
And asked the traveller in,
Who wore a great coat buttoned tight,
And reaching to his chin.

A large dog followed at his heels,
Then by the wood-hole lay;
And Job produced his eggs and ham,
And bade the traveller stay.
For still the strong winds higher rose,
And fiercely thundered by,
And ocean lifted up his voice,
And lightnings rent the sky.

And when the midnight hour arrived,
Within the dreadful roar,
Two men, with weapons in their hands,
Burst through the broken door.
They saw the dog, and strove to fly
Back in the furious blast,
But he was at them faithfully,
And they were pinioned fast.

How thankful Job Trewilton felt,
Amid the fearful din,
That he on that eventful night
Had let the traveller in!
And oft he whispered, while his words
With solemn sighs were rife,
That God had sent, in storm and sleet,
The dog to save his life.

And who can doubt that it was so?
The raven of the glen
Brought bread and flesh to him of old,
Who lived apart from men.

For oft He uses basest things
To humble erring man,
To spread the knowledge of His power,
And work His wondrous plan.

THE BOY AND THE DOVE.

A GOTHIC window in the thatch,
Where sparrows through the spring-time hatch
A few feet only o'er the latch!

Here oft a sick boy's pallid face
Peered outward from this pleasant place,
When butterflies each other chace.

The sunshine kissed him in his chair,
The flowers sent wafts of perfume there,
And freshest breezes fanned his hair.

And yet the boy grew paler far
Than lily-leaves or sloe-buds are,
As oft he watched the evening star.

A dove came there at its own will,
And knocked the lattice with its bill,
Then picked the crumbs from off the sill.

And when the boy lay in his shroud,
The dove its plainings uttered loud,
And died full shortly, sorrow-bowed.

MATTY Mc COOL.

OLD Matty Mc Cool had borne many a knock;
She lived in a one-chimneyed house on the rock,
Sustained by her knitting, her charing, and that,
Her only companions a bird and a cat.

The former was shot by a sportsman one day,
At the end of her cot, as it perched on a spray:
She picked it up dead by the side of the pool,
And tears dimmed the eyes of old Matty Mc Cool.

She tumbled at noon where the boys made a slide,
And in less than three weeks poor old Matty had died.
The cat's hollow mewing drew folks to the door,
And tis said that it never took food any more.

Beneath the small window it lingered alone,
Until it was nothing but loose skin and bone;
And it died as the children were coming from school,
And they knew twas the cat of old Matty Mc Cool.

THE MOONLIGHT SOUND.

THROUGH the moonlight came a sound,
Through the moonlight hanging round
Copse and carn and higher ground.

Near a porch it seemed to float,
From the highway past the moat:
Softly-solemn was the note.

And the traveller paused to hear,
In the flood of moonlight clear,
That sweet warble rising near.

Now it floated on the breeze,
Now it trembled through the trees,
Now it murmured down the leas:—

"Providence did all things make,
Beasts and birds that haunt the brake,
So I'll love them for His sake."

And that sound still lingering swells
Through the mystic moonlight dells
Where the pretty maiden dwells.

I HAVE SUNG AFORETIME.

I HAVE sung aforetime
Of my granny Joan,
How her eyes were blacker
Than the dark coal-stone;
How she wore a bodice,
How she loved a chat,
How she used a bodkin,
How she kept a cat.

I have sung aforetime
How her needles gleamed,
As the worsted stocking
She in silence seamed;
How a cap of frizzles
Oft adorned her head,
And her chieftest garment
Was a cloak of red.

I have sung aforetime
Of her treasured delf,
And her shining pewter
On the dresser-shelf,
Where the hour-glass, standing
All the summer long,
Trickled to her knitting,
Trickled to her song.

I have sung aforetime
How the white kid came,
And the goat to milking
When she called its name.
Not a newt she injured,
Ruled by Him above:
All her words were blessing,
All her life was love.

Sparrows, wrens, and robins,
And the busy bee,
Ventured to her threshold
Neath the elder-tree.

And again I question,
In a firmer tone,
"Can you find an equal
For my granny Joan?

NORAH NILL.

SHE fed the poultry at the door,
A mixed and motley train,
A many-coloured multitude,
Which picked the scattered grain.
Her welcome call was known to all,
As in the porch sang she,
"All creatures share Thy tender care,
And look for food from Thee."

The world would scarcely call her wise;
Yet of Divinest lore,
Which no book but the Bible gives,
She had a precious store.
Twas there she found this doctrine sound,
Though scoffers disagree,—
"All creatures share Thy tender care,
And look for food from Thee.

Her face was shining with a light
The world could not impart,
The beauty of her spirit's faith,
The reflex of her heart.
And it was sweet at day's retreat
To hear that echo free,
"All creatures share Thy tender care,
And look for food from Thee."

The old man resting on the road,
The boy with hopes elate,
The maiden with her daisy-wreath,
The shepherd at the gate,

Delight to hear her hummings clear
Float down the lane and lea,
"All creatures share Thy tender care,
And look for food from Thee."

And be it so, in frost and snow,
Or when the sky-larks trill
On clouds of foam above the home
Of cheerful Norah Nill:
Let this sweet strain fill peak and plain,
From rolling sea to sea,
"All creatures share Thy tender care,
And look for food from Thee."

POOR BOBBY.

'TWAS only shreds of orange peel
On which poor Bobby placed his heel,
And down he fell with sickening reel.

A tremor passed through all his frame;
A sudden blindness o'er him came;
He mentioned his dead mother's name.

And when he saw this world again,
Through mist of tears and jerks of pain,
He heard a linnet's languid strain.

The cage was hung above his head,
A-near his little iron bed,
And gentle was the nurse's tread.

Within a hospital he lay,
With thoughts of clear streams far away:
The linnet cheered him day by day.

These bird-notes bringing frequent tears,
Were with him through the changeful years,
Like sounds of waters in his ears.

And when he gained a golden hoard,
And genius gathered at his board,
These songs of sweetness round him soared.

Ezra Arc.

SIGH for sweetness. With a yearning heart
I turn to man, and cannot find it there.
The speaker's voice has lack of melody,
And high-toned harps have strings unmusical,
Which wound me as I listen. Blame me not,
But rather screen me with your charity,
As fashioned by one Father. In high halls,
Where sit the players with their instruments,
The mighty crashing is a cruel crush
To my poor brain, awake to tenderness,
And soothed with sounds that die at their approach.
The city-crowds, the congregations huge,
The rulers of the rostrum, trump, or fife,
Are powerless to enchain me; so I go

To Nature for her never-failing balm :
And she is prodigal to her poor child,
Hanging a harp on every wayside tree,
And filling seas and solitudes with song.

I thank Thee, FATHER, for the harmony
With which my yearning spirit is subdued !
The wild woods have it, stirred with the west wind,
And vocal with the rain-drops—lonely heights
Guarded by rocks, where saintly whispers walk
Which stir not day's devotions—moorland glades,
Where Wisdom's foot-prints shine upon the moss,
And Echo, mantled in the summer breeze,
Steals softly through the distant doors of space—
Valleys between the mountains, watched with stars,
And courted with the moon when night is still,
Over whose rushy boundaries steal the streams
With silvery murmur—long lanes briar-besieged,
Where tell-tale ferns are wooing all day long,
And little wrens pipe odes of charity
In honeysuckle chambers—upland fields,
Where bees hum homeward to the sound of scythes,
Laden with gains from gorse and clover cups,
To enrich their hives of honey—quaint old stiles
O'erhung with hawthorn, over which the larks
Sing in the sunshine till the heart is glad
And throbs delighted—the eternal sea
In storm or calm, whose every note is true,
And fraught with power to fill the soul with God.
And where the robin trills triumphantly,
And the thrush stirs the willows—where the reeds
Rustle in gladness, and the swallows wheel
O'er banks of thyme or fields of ripening corn,
I drink sweet draughts of purest melody,
That man's devices never can approach.

Thus sighing after sweetness, down a lane,
Where a well bubbled by a granite cross,
I wandered lonely, till my spirit breathed
The hush of all things, and I felt the smart
Healed which the babble of the noisy world
Unconsciously inflicted, when a cot,
Reed-covered and trimmed neatly, met my eye

Even when I least expected. By the door
Old Ezra stood, with white locks streaming down.
One hand was on his staff, the other raised
As if in expectation; and his eyes
Shone like a poet's when a new thought gleamed.
His gaze was on the valley, where the leaves
Shimmered above the waters, and a sound,
Faint as the murmur of the distant firs,
Fell from his lips, "She will be home at noon."

Thus day by day old Ezra Arc stole forth
Into the golden sunshine, when the air
Surged in a sea of music: trees and flowers
And slender grasses swelled the harmony.
The bees hummed round him, but he heard them not;
The goldfinch gleamed and glistened, darting quick
From twig to twig in the low underwood;
The butterflies, with many-coloured wings,
Dropped on the flowers, or floated by the fence;
The river rolled its anthem; the great hills
Exulted in the presence of the King;
The forests worshipped Him continually;
And yet he heard not, saw not, uttering low,
And lower, as the days went stealing by,
Like friends unbidden, "She'll be home at noon."

The tale is old and simple. Ezra's wife
Died when the blossoms studded the bright boughs,
And April's urn was open. Her time came,
And death took one to give the other life.
The same hour, by the old clock on the stand,
Made him a father and a widower.
And how he grieved, if walls of stone could speak,
And trees, and narrow lanes, and moorlands wide,
A sadder revelation would be made
Than ever painter sketched or poet drew.
His summer day was darkened suddenly,
And night and winter sat upon the hills.
The pain, the pressure, the hot agony,
The swell of passion, the great surge of woe,
Would have o'erwhelmed him but for faith in God,
And the sustaining power of mighty prayer.

And then a new love budded in his heart,
For the bright blossom opening in his shed,
Expanding more and more as the moons waned,
And seasons ran their rounds, until his eye
Regained a portion of its wasted light,
His cheek its smiles, his arm its vanished strength,
His step its wonted firmness, and he walked
Among his fellows with his ills assuaged.
But in his chair at even, when his child
Climbed to his knee, and lisped her father's name—
When the stars filled the pathway of the moon,
And Silence walked the dingles, or bright Day
Sat in his sun-gilt chariot, driving down
The flaming West, where Commerce plied her skill,
And Industry's unnumbered handicrafts
Kept earth astir, he heard a loving voice
An angel must have owned, and stayed his steps,
And listened till the tears were on his face,
And all his being was absorbed in bliss.

Meanwhile the child grew lovelier, lovelier still,
And flourished like a rose-bud in a bower
Watered by valley rills. He called her Nell,
And cherished her more fondly every day;
Screened her from cold and heat, from rains and dews,
And, more than all, from slander's filthy tongue:
Instructed her in reading, heard her prayers,
And taught her God in flowers and forest-sounds,
In rolling rivers, seas, and shining stars
When heaven was glittering with the pearls of love.
She knelt with him when twilight covered all,
And through the gloaming sounds came like the sweep
Of far-off wings, or voices on the heights
In prayer and praise, obeying His command.
To see her there beside the lattice low,
Her beaming face kissed by the evening star,
Brought to the mind the beauty of the blest.

Then came her eighteenth summer, fairer far
Than skies Italian, blue with boundless bliss.
No harper ever tuned a sweeter song:

She was all music, neither artist drew
A picture half so lovely—good, and kind,
And gentle-hearted, full of deeds of faith.
Then down the far hills came a blighting wind
Swiftly, untimely, hurrying on its way,
Although it sounded strangely. A young hind,
Unknown to Ezra, and unknown to all
The dwellers of the district, pressed his suit
So ardently, at stolen interviews,
Chiefly among the bracken of the brook,
What time the cattle came at eve to drink,
That, ere she was aware, Nell's heart was won,
Fluttering for freedom like a captive bird.
Rumour had raised her voice, and warned the world
That drink to him was dearer than his book.
And when her father heard it, he forbade
All further meetings, shut her in her room,
And charged her to obey him through his tears.

But love is stronger than a father's threat,
And feeds upon its own entanglements,
Surmounting city-domes, and castle-walls,
And rude peaks glittering with eternal rime;
Quaffing its nectar on the wildest wastes,
And hymning in a dungeon. Stay it? Nay!
Sooner your hands could pluck the planets down,
Or dash the moon to atoms. Chains of steel,
By sooty Vulcan forged, are snapped like wire,
Or slender hairs from childhood's shining curls,
And the bright bower of sweets unguarded lies,
Unfenced, and open to the happy twain.
Denied her presence in the lanes and fields,
Or even in the porch where roses bowed,
He managed, by a method of his own,
To tie a letter to the kitten's neck,
Which bore it to its mistress. And when night
Came with a flood of crystals in the heavens,
Before the moon was high, or the cock crew,
Or the wind whistled through the locks of Morn,
The swain, whose name was Solsigh, scaled the wall,
And took her from the lattice, like a flower
When March was boisterous; and with April sighs

He bore her to a chapel by the rill,
Where, in the kisses of the blushing Dawn,
The priest, white-vested, joined their youthful hands,
And they were married by the altar-rails,
Without the peal of bells, or bridal train,
Or eye of looker on, save when they crossed
The field-stile by the gate, from the high tower
A white dove circled round them, and was gone
With meteor-burst into the world of blue.

The warring world hath need of charity
To make the wild a garden. Bitter brooks
Brawl noisily along the public ways,
By city-statue and low cottage-porch,
Mid talk and tumult and the storm of self.
The rarest visitant is genuine love.
I rest upon my harp, and let the crowd
Roll onward in its ever-dusty track.
There's more in silence than the wail of words,
Although men will not listen. Pause and pray
Ere thou condemn thy brother, and the air
Shall murmur with ten thousand notes of joy.
Think of thy weakness ere the weak are wronged.
Let kindness fire thine eye and fill thy tongue,
And rather wound thyself than wound thy friend,
Or pierce thy bitterest foe with shafts of spleen;
So shall the reign of godliness increase,
And Christ's pure precepts fill the waiting earth.

When Ezra heard that Nell had left his roof,
A horror and a trembling seized his frame,
Thick darkness fell upon him, and he felt
Like him whose way is lost among the rocks
Bewildered in the blackness. All things changed.
His hopes were wrecked, and every foaming surge
Drove his lost joys in fragments on the shore.
Age overtook him in a single night,
Thrusting the rust of stiffness in his joints,
Dimming his eyes, and staining his thin hair,
Crowding his way with fears, and lisping low,
Like a tired child before its cradle-song.
His memory failed; the faces of his friends

Were unremembered; conversation flagged;
His speech was scant, his will was overwhelmed.
His stript life aimless, and he stood like one
Who watched the winds come down upon the sea.
And then a singular utterance left his lips
Which he repeated hourly. By his door,
Or in his chair, or as he lay a-bed,
But chiefly when the sunshine filled the vales,
He staggered o'er the threshold, and stood up
In his accustomed place, whispering again,
And yet again, "She will be home at noon."
If men spoke to him, he would lift his eyes
Upon their faces, beckon with his hand,
And whisper softly, "She will come home at noon."

And so the years stole on. The cowslips came
With May a-wooing, and the summer rose
Perfumed the lanes and filled the sunny dells.
The voice of mystery stirred the autumn woods
To the low dirges of the dropping leaves.
Old Winter loosed the winds, unchained the storms,
Hurled the white snows abroad, and the dim light
In Ezra's eyes grew dimmer, and his locks
Thinner upon his forehead; yet he piped
The same low strain, "She will be home at noon."

His waning residue of strength decayed,
And he was twice a child. The pitcher fell
Shattered and broken. As this world grew dim,
And harpings reached him from the higher hills
Where those he loved assembled, on the stair
A foot dropped softly, and his daughter Nell
Stood by her father, looking in his face.
She kissed his lips, she kissed his shrivelled hand,
She wiped his forehead, whispered in his ear
Words which the Almighty heard, and craved, with sighs,
Old Ezra's full forgiveness. His two arms
He lifted to her neck, and drew her face
To his, and kissed it often. A sweet smile
Passed o'er his pallid features, his lids closed,
His hands dropped on his bosom—death was come.
He breathed His name who opes the gates of life:

And his last utterance came with his last breath,—
"I knew my Nelly would be home at noon."
Yes, it was noon with him, the noon of heaven,
The cloudless noon of everlasting light.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

THE TRUE FOLD.

A LOW house by the parish road,
Watched only by one small abode,
Where prayer and praise alternate flowed.

Its roof was reed, its walls were clay,
Athwart the beams the rafters lay,
And some were darkened with decay.

And yet the closely-shaven eaves,
Composed of nature's harvest-sheaves,
How pretty mid the myrtle leaves!

Its seats were deal, and deal the door,
And half-planed boards made up the floor;
Its pulpit owned a few planks more.

The windows were of humble make,
Which southern winds would sadly shake,
As if they tugged them by mistake.

Twas lighted with no burners tall,
But candles stuck against the wall,
Which gave a mystic light to all.

No massive pillars gleamed like gold,
No velvet pews with quaintest mould,
No stained glass panes with saints enrolled.

A rush mat by the porch-door lay,
Where the dim dust was wiped away,
As man and master came to pray:

The cottage dame, in linen clad,
The peasant, and the peasant lad,
One love they felt, one creed they had.

Here strong men bowed in earnest prayer,
Aspiring youth, and girlhood fair,
And rough swains owned that God was there.

No chronicle its story told,
It was not with the state enrolled,
Yet this was Jesus Christ's true fold.

Here many souls were born again:
Some sound the Gospel's solemn strain,
Some live on Heaven's eternal plain.

By valley-bend, or break above,
Where trills the thrush, or darts the dove,
The Church of Christ is simply LOVE.

JOHNNY AND NELLY.

OUT in the snow, the cold white snow!
Over the shelterless moor I go,
Far from the hall and the fireside heat,
Far from the lights of the city street,
Out where the winds in their chariots roam,
Cheered with the thought of my own dear home.

Hark! there's a voice on the frosty air:
Tis a child repeating his evening prayer,
Lost in the midst of the pathless heath,
Where the white flakes whirl in a wintry wreath,
And I hear him sobbing his sweet Amen,
As the blast comes thundering down the glen.

"O, why art thou here on the dismal wold,
With thy face so pale, and thy hands so cold?
With the snow above, and the snow around,
And no pathway over the barren ground?
And what is thy name, and where thy home?
Look up, my child, for a friend is come."

And the sweet boy said, as he dropped a tear,
"I know that JESUS has sent you here.
We left grandma as they penned the sheep,
And Nelly lay down on the snow to sleep:
And the dark grew more on the common wide,
And I thought I would lie by my sister's side.

"So I prayed my prayer, as I do at home,
And when I had finished, I heard you come.
How kind of Jesus to send you here,
With the snow so cold, and the wind so drear!
We live at the farm. Look! Nelly is there,
With her hand on her cheek and the ice in her hair."

He had taken his cape in the terrible storm,
And wrapped it around his sister's form.
So I lifted her up in my arms at last,
And Johnny held on to my coat through the blast:
And I bade him take courage, nor think of his pain,
For soon his dear mother would kiss them again.

"I cannot walk farther," he sobbed in my ear,
"So go on with Nelly, and I will kneel here
To pray by the snow-drift, and Jesus may send
Another to help me, and be my true friend."
But I stooped down to kiss him, then took up the twain,
And slowly I bore them across the bleak plain.

And just when my strength was beginning to go,
A moving light flashed o'er the glittering snow.
I shouted—and back came a shout on the moor;
And Johnny cried out, "'Tis my father, I'm sure!"
And in a few minutes the farmer drew nigher,
And Johnny and Nelly were kissing their sire.

Then on in the snow, the pure white snow,
Till the doorstep is reached in the valley below,
And the mother is hugging her lost ones again,
And kissing them over with passionate strain,
With the tears flowing fast in a clear crystal flood,
As she whispers full often, "O God, Thou art good!"

And still I behold it—a picture so fair!—
That boy in the snow-storm a-kneeling at prayer,
Who would surely have died on that star-hidden night,
When Nelly and he were so wreathed up in white,
And the ice was abroad on the streamlet and sod,
But for his petition and faith in his God.

THIRTY POUNDS A YEAR.

THE eve is come, the light is dim,
The mist is on the spray,
The keepers shake with feebleness,
And fears are in the way.
Yet, Cornwall, all thy glens are fair,
And all thy dells are dear,
Though thou hast nought to offer me
Save thirty pounds a year.

A light is resting on thy hills,
And in thy valleys green,
Enkindled by the nymph of song,
Which nowhere else is seen:
And still it shineth more and more,
With a refulgence clear,
Though thou hast nought to offer me
Save thirty pounds a year.

No flowers are like thy wayside gems,
No faces half so bright,
In castle-hall or cottage-porch,
On lawn or mossy height:
No clear eyes shine like those which gleam
By silent cross and mere,
Though thou hast nought to offer me
Save thirty pounds a year.

I've toiled along my humble way
Without the least regret,
And knew 'twas better far to work
Than idly fume and fret.
And still I mean to walk upright,
And keep my conscience clear,
Though thou hast nought to offer me
Save thirty pounds a year.

I ask no servants, livery-clad,
Or costly viands rare,
Like those which crowd the rich man's board,
But simple peasant-fare;—
A shred of meat, a slice of bread,
Whilst feebly journeying here:
Yet thou hast nought to offer me
Save thirty pounds a year.

For ever, Cornwall, I am thine,
By birthright, bond, and dower:
Thou gavest me my mountain harp,
In morning's hopeful hour.
So deem not I can love thee less,
Now Fate has grown severe,
And thou hast nought to offer me
Save thirty pounds a year.

Each drop of blood within my veins
Bears but the Cornish hue,
And every muscle of my frame
To Cornish birth is true;

And Cornish I have ever been,
Till life's last leaves are sere,
Though thou hast nought to offer me
Save thirty pounds a year.

And Cornish let me still remain,
And Cornish let me die,
And in my hallowed Cornish mould
At last enshrouded lie,
Where glow-worms gleam amid the grass,
And snowy daisies peer,
Though thou hast nought to offer me,
Save thirty pounds a year.

But if a future Cornish bard
Should claim you as his own,
(O God have mercy on you all!)
Don't offer him a stone;
But take him nearer to your heart,
With more of Cornish cheer,
Than him for whom ye have to-day
But thirty pounds a year.

August, 1878.

THE WAYSIDE SEAT.

THE common blessings of our lot
Are often slighted, or forgot,
So undervalued in the chase
For wealth, or honour, power, or place;
Whilst every salt-grain serves us more
Than rifle-flash, or barrack-door.

How oft this humble seat of deal
I've quickly passed with echoing heel,
Rhyme-roving where clear runnels ran,
And scarcely deigned its form to scan,
So firmly set where stone-crops bloom,
And furze-buds shed a rich perfume?

The old man sweetly muses there,
Whose step is slow, whose brow is bare,
Whose eyes are dim, whose friends are few,
Whose hopes are where all things are new,
And thanks the Lord, with praises meet,
For such a homely wayside seat.

And here where dewdrops fill the flowers,
And fairies gambol in their bowers,
When moonbeams steal across the sea,
And gentlest whispers fill the tree,
The happy youthful lovers meet,
And chat upon the wayside seat.

Perchance, as years bright years succeed,
Some true-born poet with his reed,
When twilight falls on mount and mere,
May mark a holy halo here,
Which never gleamed on stream or street,
Save o'er this humble wayside seat.

And who can tell what thoughts arise,
Of the green earth and glowing skies,
Within the breast of him whose room
Is dark with penury's heavy gloom,
Who hitherward doth turn his feet
To ponder on this wayside seat?

All this I've known from year to year,
And seen the pilgrim resting here,
And yet I've often passed it by
Like some rude thing beneath the sky,
Tossed thither by a freak of Fate,—
This wayside seat by the farm-gate.

Then sickness came, and forth I crept
Where birds and bees their hymnings kept,
A staff-supported, grateful wight,
Whose years sustained a sudden blight,
And hailed like home when eve is late
The wayside seat beside the gate.

And so I learnt, when sitting there,
That basest things give man a share
Of comfort in his hours of pain,—
That nothing has been made in vain
By Him who guides the traveller's feet
And whispers by the wayside seat.

June, 1878.

ZEBEDEE AND HIS SONS.

IN loving meekness, Jesus
Walked forth beside the sea,
Where rushed the restless waters
Of lonely Galilee;
And boats came gliding shorewards,
And ships at anchor lay,
And many a fisher's carol
Was floating o'er the bay.

A busy scene of labour,
By cove and fretted cave,
Where He the blessed Saviour
Walked forth beside the wave.
The murmur of the olives
Came downward from the steep;
While some their nets were casting
Into the solemn deep.

Hark to the creaking cordage,
Hark to the sailor's song,
The lithe oars dripping music
The curling waves among;
Where James and John are mending
Their nets upon the sea,
Assisted by their father,
Old honest Zebedee.

Christ called them in His mercy,
And they at once complied,
Leaving the hired servants,
Leaving their father's side,

And travelled with the Stranger,
Of countenance benign,
Whose every word was meekness,
Impelled by power Divine.

And O what scenes they witnessed,
With Christ their loving Lord!
The blind with unsealed vision,
The dead to life restored:
The angry tempest silenced
To calmness at His will,
And the wild billows broken
To His sweet, "Peace, be still."

How much these two were with Him,
Mild James and loving John?
How beautiful the record
Of the beloved one?
And in the solemn Garden,
Where Cedron murmured slow,
And soft sighs filled the cedars,
They saw His bitter woe.

O, when on Calvary's summit
He bowed His holy head,
When the great sun was darkened,
And rose the buried dead;
Around His cross they gathered,
And heard His latest sigh,
And knew the way was open,
That man no more might die.

And still the Saviour calleth,
Throughout the teeming earth,
Where towns and cities flourish,
Or gentle flowers have birth:
And pleads the Holy Spirit,
By solemn steep and sea,
As when He gently gathered
The sons of Zebedee.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF

ROBERT ALEXANDER GRAY, ESQ., J.P.,

Who died December 10th, 1877, in his 90th year.

I HAD been musing by the clearest river,
Within the dingle's bend,
To flower and tree an ever-cheerful giver,
When news came of his end.

His friendship found me mid my native fountains,
Where rills of music flow,
And airy harpers throng the mineral mountains,
And gladden all below.

With bashful mien aloof I wooed the Muses,
Far from the city's din :
His Christian cheer a second life infuses,
He bade me work and win.

A sudden glory filled the moorland mosses,
And streamed along the meads,
Gleamed on the cairns and the quaint wayside crosses,
And glittered in the reeds.

And so I sang because my heart was lightened,
And music stirred my soul,
Which evermore my homeward path has brightened,
Nearing the final goal.

And now he's gone ! he's gone ! like sunset fading
Upon the western main,
Or odorous leaves in autumn richness shading
The low porch on the plain.

Still wait I here where the shy brooklet stealeth,
And pines in clusters nod,
To catch the mystery which the wind revealeth,
Stirred by the trump of God.

I wipe mine eyes, and wonder what awaited
His freed soul in the air,
Thus to the kingdom of the good translated :
Our dearest friends are there.

His finished journey is not long before us ;
Behind we swiftly come.
O, blessed Saviour, spread Thy mantle o'er us,
And fit us for Thy home !

How will his love and sympathy be missing
By widow, sick, and poor,
When cold is out, and wintry winds are hissing
A-down the trackless moor !

The gifts and graces which the King bestoweth,
Along the desert dim,
The golden tide that o'er life's landmark floweth,
He yielded back to HIM.

He gives, He takes, the mighty King of Glory,
The peaceful Prince Divine,
In valley low, or on the mountain hoary :
His perfect will be mine !

Thus one by one the loved of earth are taken,
And we walk on alone,
In deeper silence, till we strangely waken
Within the great unknown.

Rest, rest in peace ! His bark has stemmed the waters,
And gained the other shore,
Where walk, white-robed, Immanuel's sons and [daughters.
And troubles grieve no more.

Farewell ! farewell ! The old man by his ingle,
The glad boy at his play,
Shall thank the Lord, in city-lane and dingle,
For ALEXANDER GRAY.

Again farewell, until our final meeting
In the fair land of flowers,
Where angel-hosts their Saviour King are greeting,
And endless rest is ours.

THINGS I HAVE SEEN.

I'VE seen a coxcomb lifted up
To the official chair,
And, hat in hand, before him stand
The hind with hoary hair:
And tears came to my eyelids then,
That pride should so disown
The holy honour which belongs
To trembling age alone.

I've seen the godly parent droop,
Of all his treasures shorn,
Where rafters showed the hollow reed,
And left to die forlorn.
And I have pondered in my heart
The ills of life's brief span,
The mystery of creation's woes,
The ways of God to man.

Here sorrow comes, though buds break out
Upon the April spray,
And in the meadows, daisy-gemmed,
The lovely lambkins play.
Still Charity, with downcast eyes,
Walks o'er her lonely track,
While Pomp and Pride, in grand attire,
Have thousands at their back.

And he who toils in homely weeds,
Whether on stone or stool,
By the fierce magnates of the earth
Is often deemed a fool.

And some, of intellect refined,
Who wisdom's pathway plod,
Conclude that rags and poverty
Must lack the grace of God.

But in the lowly cot of thatch,
And on the pauper's bed,
Is many a chosen child of Heaven,
By His Good Spirit led:
No king may with their wealth compare
In gems from Canaan's store,
The fulness of the love of Christ:
O, blessed are the poor!

And oft the robe of genius falls
On him of low degree,
Who wields the scythe, or rows the boat,
Or fells the forest-tree:
He owns no teacher but the heavens,
The hills, the solemn moor,
The flowers that fill him with their loves:
O, blessed are the poor!

THE OPENING OF THE

FRIENDS' NEW MEETING HOUSE AT FALMOUTH, 1873.

NO bell, no voices high
Roll on the rising air;
No sounds along the crowded streets
Proclaim the gathering there.

And o'er the reverent band
A solemn silence spread,
Cheering each waiting worshipper,
From Jesus Christ their Head.

No need of words to pray,
  No need of words to wait,
To win the blessing we require,
  Or knock at Mercy's gate.

It neared the holy time,
  When the Child-King had birth,
To gather into one true fold
  The wandering sons of earth.

A new light beamed in heaven,
  And through the darkness stole,
Guiding the wise men to His feet.
  O, Star, illume my soul!

No need of iron tongues,
  From towers of crumbling earth,
When waves and woods and waterfalls
  Proclaim Messiah's birth.

Low-murmuring on the air
  Came the sweet carol then,
Heard throughout eighteen hundred years,—
  "PEACE AND GOODWILL TO MEN."

The waiting silence spread,
  Till, from the bowers of grace,
The blessed Comforter came down,
  Hallowing the holy place.

A few full words of love,
  From lips the King had pressed,
Fell on the ear, like gentle rain
  On fields with summer dressed.

Christ dwelleth with the meek:
  And oft the humblest shade
Is nearer to the gates of heaven
  Than aisles of cedar made.

O, when will men give o'er
The specious tinsel's glare,
And wait upon the Promiser
In heartfelt earnest prayer!

May the Good Spirit's power,
In brighter days to be,
Abide within these temple-walls,
And draw the heart to Thee!

ON THE DEATH OF

CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

NO single being o'er God's great creation,
Where human speech has flown,
No matter what his kindred, clan, or nation,
Lives to himself alone.

And blest is he who giveth Him the glory,
In glens by torrents riven,
Or where the city church-tower riseth hoary
Between the earth and heaven.

His influence liveth and survives the ages,
Outsoars the poet's hymn,
And overflows the sophistry of sages,
Till stars themselves are dim.

We mourn for her whom Death has strangely taken,
The gentlest of her kind,
On shores of radiance with her Lord to waken,
Leaving a light behind.

No light betrimmed by falsehood's flashing fingers,
Which scorners joy to see,
But rays of hope where heavenly virtue lingers,
Which lead to truth and Thee.

The child shall sorrow for the loved departed,
When dewdrops gem the rose,
And manhood bright, and old age tenderhearted
Where twilight's portals close.

Once she came down where Cornish hearts were beating,
And sat beside our fire,
And murmured words of sympathetic greeting,
And thanked me for my lyre.

How strove she ever, in and out of season,
To bid the tippler think,
Before he lost his household and his reason
In the accursed drink!

Her pen has ceased—her voice is heard no longer
Where breathless crowds are pent,
And the last period ever seemed the stronger.
Her life has been well spent.

And yet she speaketh where the nations quarrel,
And war-clouds stretch their gloom.
And so we bind the white rose with the laurel
O'er CLARA BALFOUR'S tomb.

THE END.

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From the LITERARY WORLD, *November 15th*, 1877.

Mr. Harris is well known in the West of England as a Cornish miner who has pursued literature with considerable success for many years. This is the twelfth volume of prose and poetry which Mr. Harris has published "on his own responsibility," but, we trust, not without an adequate return. There is a homely simplicity in the TALES, and a true-hearted sympathy with nature and man in the POEMS, which we gladly note. Some wood engravings illustrate the book. They are the early attempts of the author's invalid son, "who is afflicted with curvature of the spine, and consequently works in a recumbent position," and we therefore refrain from criticising them, hoping that with time and practice, he will be able to turn out as creditable pictures as his father can poetry.

From THE HULL MISCELLANY, *February 16th*, 1878.
Edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

JOHN HARRIS, THE MINER POET.

It is repeating an oft-told tale to say that genius will bud and blossom regardless of circumstances, developing in beauty in situations most uncongenial. But the fact comes more strongly upon us, when we are met face to face with the story of one of those, who, destitute of every surrounding advantage, have yet risen to honour and fame. Such a genius is John Harris, the Miner Poet, whose verses are obtaining a wide-spread influence that speaks well for people who can sympathise with the feelings of such poetry. He was born on the 14th of October, 1820, in a boulder-built cottage on the summit of Bolennowe Hill, Camborne. He was the son of labourers, whose means of educating him were as limited as those of others of their class. At the age of five years he was sent to a dame school, when, after mastering here the difficulties of the alphabet, he was for a short time under the care of a master whose delight was to punish his unhappy charges by beating them with a cudgel studded with nails. Soon, however, John left him, and became the pupil of a one-legged miner, who imparted to him the rudiments of spelling and arithmetic. When about seven or eight years of age he began to write verses on scraps of paper,

illustrating them occasionally with rude sketches. When nine years old he was taken from school, and went to work in the fields. In 1833 he began his miner life at Dolcoath mine, where for twenty years

A worker stood with the sons of men,

labouring as did his fellows, to maintain his wife and children. He married when twenty-five. Every moment of relaxation from labour he devoted to self-culture. His thoughts were poems, which, as they suggested themselves, he scribbled on the rocks, on his tools, or even on his thumb-nails; there treasured till the close of his daily toil gave him opportunity to transcribe the verses to paper. In 1853 his first volume of poetry was published, and was warmly received. In all, he has published, entirely at his own risk, twelve volumes of prose and poetry. For the last twenty years he has held the post of Scripture Reader in Falmouth, a sphere for which he seems eminently fitted. We must not forget to remark that a profound veneration for the memory and works of Shakespeare is nourished by Mr. Harris, who, it will be remembered by some of our readers, obtained the first prize for the best ode on Shakespeare's Birthday. This contest, which took place in 1864, redounds to the credit of John Harris in no small measure, as he then bore off the palm from a hundred competitors. The original manuscript is preserved in the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford-on-Avon. His poetry shows a spontaneous love of nature, combined with a deep piety, which leads him to see the hand of God in the common incidents of life, and breathes through every line. In his record of real life and actions he is most touching and graphic. His diction is simple and refined, his similes apt and suggestive, his lessons pure and instructive, while throughout the grammatical correctness and choice of terms and expressions show the value of the indefatigable exertions in self-education which has raised the Cornish Miner to the position of a recognised poet. It was stated in the *Athenæum*, "John Harris is a simple natural poet, such as every race but too rarely produces. His writing to any other age would have been a marvel, and it is phenomenon even in our own. Stirs the blood like wine, and fills us with a fuller strength." In a notice in the *Critic*, the reviewer said, "Mr. Harris has the true instincts and perfect skill of the artist. Would that every KING were like this man!" We are pleased that recently Lord Beaconsfield has granted Mr. Harris £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund. The Prime Minister has done a kind and graceful act in thus recognising a poor brother author. The latest work of Mr. John Harris has just been issued under the title of "Tales and Poems." It is one of the most attractive books we have read for some time. We commend the work to the favourable attention of our readers. Next week we shall give an example of the poetry of our author. We hope many of our friends will obtain this volume of charming prose and poetry, issued at a price that places it within the reach of all classes.

From the WEST BRITON, *April 25th*, 1878.

A valley watched by hills, where the trees stood
With signs for every season.

This is the free-drawn outline of a picture the filling in of which, with details of sweet country life and scenes in his pleasant western land, asks such a pencil as the Bard of Bolenmowe's to accomplish. "Old William," the opening lines of which we have quoted, is as sweet a bit of genuine

poetic work as we have ever seen from the pen of John Harris. This is saying a great deal, but not too much; and when we state that we have yet to learn the name of the minstrel that can match John Harris in his own peculiar walk of song, we only speak that which we do know. Not all the "cramming" and forcing in the world can beat for freedom and freshness the utterances of men like our author. This you may see in "Old William." There is another poem in the book that we must not pass by, namely, the song at the sepulchre of his friend the late R. W. Fox, Esq., which the poet sings in his own true, tender, and exquisite fashion. It is worth coming into the world to win such a tribute at one's death. There is not a more tearful work a poet does. Some of Byron's best remembered lines were written on the death of poor Kirke White. Shelley mourned his Adonais, Milton his Lycidas, Lyttleton wailed his "Monody," the tears of Burns still flow in his Highland Mary, and the love of Tennyson for his friend still sighs in his "In Memoriam." The world owes much to its minstrels, and would be a sorry place without them. Every true poet feels a fellowship in common suffering, and Heaven sends him verse to heal the bruised heart with the balm of sympathy. One word more for the "Tales," and another for the "Cuts" by the poet's son. The first "smacks" of the western soil, and are as pleasantly and simply told as old-world stories. The latter, to our mind, by their native quaintness, give quite a charm to the work, and a value which, perhaps, will cause it to be sought after in days to come, when copies may not be able to be got for love or money. Let the lovers of green fields and meadow-brooks procure this little volume at once. It is the very book for the season,—fresh as April, sweet as May, and rich as the flowers and melodies of June.

From the Western Times.

John Harris, the Cornish Poet, is about to publish a new book, which will be looked for with much interest by many who have enjoyed his former volumes. It will be recollected that the Premier lately acknowledged the talent of Mr. Harris by granting him £200 out of the public funds for his services to literature.

From the Hull News, *November 17th*, 1877.

A bard from the mine. Although he followed an occupation not likely to foster a taste for the beautiful, he was nevertheless a true and gifted poet. He might well be suspected of dreaming as he walked. The slight, forward bend of the head, the quiet step, the features of harmonious thoughtfulness, the eyes half-veiled by their lids, as if they wished to enjoy their own visions without interruption from outside; and the fine bald forehead, revealed by the lifting of his hat, all told the passing observer that the man was in spirit akin to him who from taste and habit "went out to meditate in the fields at eventide." But join him as a friend, and talk with him freely about nature and grace, the beautiful and the true, home life and immortal peace, and at once every feature would have its charm of utterance, and the veiling eyelids would be lifted so as to reveal the soft, blue, loving, poetic eyes, mildly radiant, and gently reminding you that you were in communion with a sweetly-toned soul. No wonder that he seemed to be looking at what other people did not see; for his walks were often beguiled by the inwardly-rising music of some new sonnet to the hawthorn, the thrush, or the skylark. His verses are

remarkable for original power and simple beauty. His imagination is fruitful in happy combinations and rare similes. His epithets are richly suggestive transparent treasures of distinctive beauty—poetic microcosms. The poems show considerable native wealth of diction and choice of words. His pictures of nature have a freshness about them almost as inspiriting as that of the scenes themselves. The poet always has a holy purpose. His lessons are often touching, and always pure. His home sympathies are very tender. The joys and sorrows of human life are sacred things to him ; and he touches them with a feeling that gently draws responses from every heart.

Testimony of the Right Honourable JOHN BRIGHT, *October 15th*, 1877.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for sending me the little books. I have read several of the poems with much pleasure.

Testimony of the Right Honourable the EARL NORTHBROOK, *January 7th*, 1878.

Dear Mr. Harris,—You will be glad to hear that your books are very popular among our working men here.

The writer's Collected Poems in one large Crown Quarto volume, double columned, elegantly bound in Cloth, with gilt back and side, and PORTRAIT *of the Author, price* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WAYSIDE PICTURES, HYMNS & POEMS.

From the LITERARY WORLD, *October 23rd*, 1874.

A quarto volume of 246 pages. The author terms it his life-work, and it is one of which he may well feel proud. These poems contain the true poetic ring. There is much in them to admire and ponder over. In addition to the poems we have upwards of one hundred Hymns full of pure Gospel truth. John Harris has turned many gems of Scripture into verse, and we claim for him no mean place among hymn-writers.

From the LONDON FIGARO, *May 24th*, 1877.

A handsome volume, with a PORTRAIT of the author; and Lord Beaconsfield has considered him to be deserving of a grant of two hundred pounds. We think the grant is very well bestowed. John Harris has been a Cornish miner from his boyhood. It redounds to his infinite credit that under such surroundings he should have produced so much poetry, the greater portion of which will successfully challenge the critic's verdict. Mr. Harris narrates many adventures in which the highest qualities are evinced. He has a very keen eye for the grand scenery of his native country, and depicts its peculiar characteristics with great fidelity and wealth of expression. He has a delicate ear for rhythm. Our readers should procure the volume, and form their own opinion of Mr. John Harris's merits as a poet, at the same time they will be doing a service to a deserving man. We feel assured that such readers after a perusal of the volume will approve of Lord Beaconsfield's gift to the Miner Poet, and will see in it the recognition, by a master of literature, of considerable talent richly cultivated under no ordinary circumstances.

From the MALVERN ADVERTISER, *February 12th*, 1876.

Few of us but have heard of John Harris, the Cornish Miner, the BURNS of the south, who, in his Wayside Pictures, charmed us with his lovely fancies and liquid music. In that large volume we have several long tale-poems and touching hymns.

From the LADIES' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, *April* 1876.

John Harris, by the mere force of his poetic impulse, has conquered many difficulties and taken a place among the RECOGNISED poets of our day. He presents a contrast in many points to our own ROBERT BURNS, whom he resembles in others.

From the BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

With his HYMNS we have been delighted, and feel assured that some of them will soon find a permanent place in the collections of the day.

From the WEST BRITON.

The series of beautiful Hymns may fairly be classed with those of COWPER, NEWTON, and JAMES MONTGOMERY.

From the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, 1856 and 1867.

We heartily commend to our readers all the productions of Mr. Harris. He is a poet of no common gifts, and there is a ring of truth and genuineness in his works which convinces us that he is an honest and worthy man. We trust he is happy in his good work as a Scripture Reader at Falmouth. Men less richly endowed by nature have been placed by the patronage of the wealthy in a more conspicuous position. There is real dignity in such a character.

From the WESTERN FIGARO, *August 22nd*, 1878.

JOHN HARRIS, THE CORNISH MINER POET.

Cornwall, as well as Devon, has produced its "workmen-poets," and perhaps none who deserve notice so much as the subject of the present sketch. John Harris has acquired a local reputation as a poet. Such men should be known, appreciated, and encouraged; and their works deserve a place in the library of every man who has a spark of national pride. Many reviewers have highly commended his writings, and many contemporary writers spoken in his praise. Some little time since the Prime Minister procured him a grant from the Civil List, though not in the form of an annuity. With the view that his works and history should be more widely known I venture to lay his little sketch, and the accompanying portrait, before the readers of the *Western Figaro*.

Testimony of J. B. C., ESQ., OF QUORNDON, *September*, 1878.

I have been spending a few days at the birthplace of Shakespeare Among the many relicts of the immortal "Swan of Avon" contained in the Museum, I was delighted to see the original manuscript of your Poem on the Tercentenary of his birth; and I most heartily congratulate you on the honour of your Poem being thus so highly appreciated. I have always considered it a most worthy tribute to the memory of the great bard,

From the CHRISTIAN GLOBE, *July 7th*, 1876.

JOHN HARRIS, the Miner Poet and Scripture-Reader, is one of those men of whom England is justly entitled to feel proud. In the rugged cheerless solitude of Camborne, with scant education, and few books, without funds or friends, doomed from early boyhood to laborious drudgery in the bowels of the earth, with a wife and family dependent upon him for support, he has nevertheless contrived to work his upward way, simply, yet grandly, winning for himself an honourable niche in the fane of letters. The spirit of song visited him when he was quite an urchin, and his first effusions, scrawled on soiled paper scraps, saw the light at the mine's mouth. He is an inspired minstrel, and a devout man. He contemplates the mountain-top, the craggy steep, the clouds, the dew-laden valleys, the gorgeous tints of summer, and the chilling aspects of winter, alike with rapt eyes and gushing heart; and from them spiritual voices, ever fresh and angelic, proclaim to his soul the infinity of God, the wisdom of God, and the illimitable love of God for all His creatures. He no longer burrows fathoms deep for his daily bread. His singular fitness for the post of Scripture-Reader has been happily recognised.

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